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## SONG FOR OCTOBER.

Like dew from the wing of a lark upspringing  
Falls away from my soul its pain and care;  
And my heart throbs wild with a glad pulsation,  
In the glow and thrill of the sunlit air!

The heavens are blue, and the earth is glowing;  
There's a gleam and hush on leaf and vine;  
And the very birds in their joyous flying,  
Sparkle and glint in the golden shine.

The vine leaves sway to the dancing zephyrs,  
And the autumn runs sweet on the air;  
No chill and no gloom and no cloud above me,  
Oh, life is sweet and the world is fair!

KITTIE.

## JESSIE DALE.

The Conductor's Daughter;  
or,  
The Plot Against the Pennsylvania Railroad.

BY BURN THORNBURY, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER'S LOVE," "RAVEN-  
WOOD," "SEAL, THE SCOUT," "AG-  
NES AIRE," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

Beatrice Rowland remained closely in the refuge she had found with the Dales; never going out; grateful and contented, but with the fear still haunting her that she might yet be tracked by her enemies to the spot.

She made herself very useful in the little family, so that she could not have been regarded as eating the bread of charity by any one, though those with whom she was would never dream of asking compensation for the inconsiderable additional expense her presence entailed.

But she had her own thoughts on the subject; and with the natural aversion a refined and sensitive nature has for dependence upon others—even though support be given in the guise of the most delicate and generous hospitality—she sought to make indirect return of the bounty of which she was the recipient.

She instructed Jessie in music—the latter possessing a fine instrument, and still needing a teacher's aid; she assisted her in her drawing; and even induced her to undertake a course of French—for in these and other accomplishments Mrs. Rowland excelled.

No ceaselessly did she employ herself in ways that added to the enjoyment of the little household, and she assisted her in her drawing; and even induced her to undertake a course of French—for in these and other accomplishments Mrs. Rowland excelled.

But the prospect was that of their and her desire she was not soon to go. Mr. Dale had had many conversations with her relative to her previous life, but little more was adduced than she had at first related.

He had brought himself, though with a strange reluctance, to speak to her of the singular agreement of her statement regarding her lost sister with her own experience. Mrs. Rowland was startled to learn of this, and her conclusion was, that possibly she had been again deceived by her false father, when he had represented that the little child known as Jessie was her sister; and that the wife of the rail was indeed Mr. Dale's own daughter, thus happily restored to him.

"The proofs—the absolute proofs—of our identities," she had said, "are in the possession of Belmont Mathewson; but I could not obtain them, or I surely would have done so."

"Would to God you had," sighed Stowell Dale; "then there would have been no room for doubt, perhaps. It is a sad thing to look upon one like my Jessie, Mr. Rowland; to feel that she is my child; to believe it; and yet not know it absolutely. I could not love her more under any circumstances; and yet only to know—to know."

"She has, in part, your features, Mr. Dale," Mrs. Rowland had said.

"And in part, her dear mother's," he had added; "and at the same time she resembles you."

It was true. Though very unlike in individuality, when the faces of the two were closely scanned and compared, an unmistakable resemblance was apparent. Surely here was mystery.

"What if it should some day be proven, Mrs. Rowland, that you and my darling are sisters, and daughters of a proud, strange family? I would then know that my own and only child is a waif and wanderer somewhere in the great world, while at the same time I would lose her who is—"

He paused, in pain.

"Your daughter—and who will ever be. Have no fear of that kind, dear Mr. Dale; it is I who will lose my dream of a sister; not you who will lose your precious Jessie."

And thus they had left the matter.

Mrs. Rowland's revelations respecting the magnificent plot laid by wealth and villainy to introduce vampires into the midst of an opulent corporation, that its richness might thereby be sucked from it to sustain rascally voluptuaries, were brought by Mr. Dale to the notice of Ellis Lester.

That gentleman had not "laughed the

face to scorn," on the contrary, he took the alarm, for he already knew that corruption was breeding danger. But all was so indefinite and vague, that no hold of the peril could be taken.

It was like feeling for a foe in the darkness—like attempting to smother the pestilence, which was present but invisible.

Several days elapsed.

The advertisement for a servant, brought several applicants—but as the Dales were particular in their requirements in that respect, none had yet been accepted.

At last Jessie hurried to her aunt with the tidings that there was one in the dining-room, who, she was sure, would suit.

"Such a nice, companionable-looking person, aunty," said Jessie.

"Well, I hope her appearance doesn't belie her character—for I am getting tired of Jessie, and I don't want a poorer one in her place."

Aunt Mary descended to the dining-room, where interviews with applicants were held.

She found there a very pleasant-looking young woman indeed.

"Did you come in answer to the advertisement?" she inquired, rather surprised at beholding one who it might be supposed would not seek such a position.

"Yes, ma'am," said the young woman, modestly.

"Your name, please?"

"Annabel Smith, ma'am."

"Have you ever engaged in housework before?"

"Not at service, ma'am. I—"

"The young woman appeared to be somewhat affected."

"I understand," said Aunt Mary, kindly. "You have but lately been necessitated to take this step?"

"That is it, ma'am. There are four sisters of us, and we couldn't all stay at home; and I dread the factory or anything like that, or even a sewing-room or a store. Housework suits me best—I like the quiet."

"Have you references, Annabel?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," producing them. "My mother used to be in the best families, and some of them still keep sight of her."

"These are very satisfactory," said Aunt Mary, returning the papers after briefly examining them. "I think you will suit, and that you will find something like a home with us—we endeavor to make our servants feel that they are our fellow-creatures as well."

"Thank you, ma'am," returned Annabel, with effusion. "Most of folks are not that way, I take it, though my mother never complained."

"A good servant sometimes makes a good mistress, Annabel. You agree to come then?—the wages will be three dollars a week, with the usual privileges."

"That is satisfactory, ma'am, and if you please I will go home and have my trunk sent here at once."

"You can come immediately if you please."

"I will then. Good-morning, ma'am."

So Cecil Farnell, as Annabel Smith, was admitted under the roof that sheltered her whom he sought with evil object. He maintained his assumed character without arousing the first suspicion of the fraud.

All were pleased with "the new girl"—Mr. Dale, his sister, Jessie and Mrs. Rowland. There was no instinctive dislike, no vague repulsion felt toward this waif in sheep's clothing, such as is often inspired by the mere presence of an impostor.

Perhaps this was because the plotter was always the same—quiet, affable and obedient. Not once was he caught with a sly, triumphant or vindictive look on his

face—not once did his cunning purpose show.

For several days—for a whole week he had been in the household, and yet no attempt had been made to execute the plan of abduction that his confederate had conceived. The wolf was in the fold, yet a very gentle wolf he seemed, frightening not in the least the household lambs.

Why had the fatal spring been delayed?

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE REASON WHY—THE DEED IS DONE.

There was a reason—a powerful, unexpected reason why the disguised Cecil had failed to set as had been planned.

He who had cunningly come to open the doors of Stowell Dale's house to villainous men, found himself circumvented in a way of which he had thought too lightly.

He fell in love with Jessie—sweet, pliant, artless Jessie Dale. She took his heart by storm, unknowing that she did it.

From the moment he beheld her he had been the slave of the spell of her simple beauty. Instead of performing his treacherous part at once and flying from her enchanting presence, he made excuses for his delay to his confederates, and lingered day after day near Jessie.

He found her loved her; and he found that another—the son, too, of a wealthy man—had discovered how sweet and pure she was, and was seeking to win her young affections.

Had Harry Lester known what a jealous foe he possessed in the person of the pretended Annabel Smith, he certainly would not have said so many flattering things of the agreeable domestic.

"Who is she, Jessie?" he had inquired. (Somehow he could not find addressing her as Miss Dale—she was Jessie to every one.)

Jessie told him all she knew, adding that she liked Annabel very much.

"Annabel," listening keenly in the hall, heard this.

"She likes me as a servant," he said to himself, delighted. "She would soon love me as a suitor. Oh, Jessie, Jessie Dale! what now do I care for plots and counterplots? Give me your sweet companionship—your loving heart—your little hand—and Marjory and his villainous may go. What am I but a tool in his employ—be himself the tool of others? I have wandered to a garden of sweets: what do I care for a room of splendor? No, no, fair Jessie, I would not leave you and lose you for all the gold the city vaults contain."

Beatrice Rowland, you are safe. I'm sick of plots: I'm sick of sin-bought pleasures, young as I am to give them up. A simple life with the true, sweet Jessie Dale, would suit me best henceforth. But can I win her? This young lord Lester knows thy pure worth, too; but will his proud parents favor such a choice made by their son? No, I will manage to nip this friendship that is already warming into love, and then my way will open."

Thus did Cecil—the young, mysterious Cecil—muse, and in most serious mood. How long it might last could not be told, but for the time it changed his life and being.

The first thing he sought to do was to prevent Harry Lester from becoming his rival, or if he had already become such, from continuing to be.

With that object he addressed the following note to the young man's parents:

"MR. AND MRS. ELLIS LESTER—Your son Harry having become acquainted, under romantic circumstances, with the daughter of a man greatly your social inferior—his position in life being that of a railway conductor—it occurred to the writer

of this that you might choose to forbid the further intimacy—which threatens to end in love—of your son with one whom you might not desire for a daughter. This communication will be sent anonymously; but if you are interested, you can make inquiries and investigations which will sustain the statements it contains. I give the names and address of the family thus referred to."

Which he did, and then, almost certain that results favorable to his object would follow, he forwarded the missive.

Then he studied as to how he might best reveal his sex, and under circumstances which would tend to favor his advances as a suitor for Jessie's hand.

"Ah! I have it," he said gleefully to himself at last. "I will wear her father's life; gratitude will warm her heart toward me. I thought I was done with plots; but this is of a different order. Hold! a new idea occurs to me. Why not let her enemies have this Mrs. Rowland? That will be doing fair by my friends. Why did I not think of it before, instead of dreaming of letting her remain undisturbed? I will inform my accomplices that she has now recovered—has recovered from an illness she never expected—and that all is ready to proceed. Then 'Annabel Smith' will disappear forever, and Cecil Farnell, or the same person wearing some other name, will find his way once more to this attractive household stage. I do not think I would be recognized as the family's former servant—the treacherous Annabel!"

So the wolf again thought of its victim.

It was evening.

Stowell Dale's little family—himself excepted—were seated at their pleasant table.

"Don't you think the tea tastes strangely, aunty?" asked Jessie, sipping daintily from her spoon, and curving her sweet lips in slight disgust.

"I am inclined to agree with you, my dear," answered her aunt, "and I thought I detected a peculiar odor arising from it. Annabel made it; perhaps she is not skilled in that department—so few people know how to make good tea."

"Annabel," listening from the kitchen, heard these remarks, and made some of her own in the same connection, though not audibly.

"Drink away, my Jessie," the cunning actor said; "and you, old lady—I beg your pardon, I should be more respectful, you are sweet Jessie's aunt. The tea won't hurt you. That's it, take another sip, just to make sure that it is queer tasted. I am sure of you already, though, you've all taken enough to quiet you. Ha! ha! was there ever such a tea-party before? Tea and tattle go together, it is said; but there won't be much more tattle done on this occasion. I hope no bothersome callers will interrupt my operations. I have little fear of that, however; I have chosen an hour when, as I have found, no one is likely to disturb me. Mr. Dale won't be home until ten, and by that time I won't care if he does come."

"Annabel!"

The call was made in rather a drowsy tone of voice.

"Ma'am," said Annabel, presenting herself with alacrity.

"Please take the bring-a-how strange—that?"

Aunt Mary looked altogether ludicrous, sitting there in her chair as if she were near napping instead of sipping, and endeavoring to give her orders and express her opinion of the tea at the same time.

The plotter surveyed the scene with the

intensest satisfaction. Mrs. Rowland was leaning forward in her chair in a stupor that boded her senses utterly. Jessie's little head was thrown back, her eyes were closed, and her tempting lips silently invited kisses. Aunt Mary also dropped off into this strange and sudden slumber, leaving the tea unattended further, but holding a silver spoon in her unconscious fingers.

Cecil Farnell laughed a low, pleased laugh of triumph.

"I will make sure of one thing," he said.

And thereupon he tripped to Jessie's side and took from her unprotected lips a kiss after kiss—an act of theft as petty as it was indefensible.

"The first but not the last," he murmured. "You shall give me more some day, and take all these stolen ones back. But now for action! I wonder if the carriage is at the door?"

He slipped from the dining room to the entry, and opening the front door, peered anxiously out.

A close-covered vehicle stood silent at the door.

"Yes, there it is," he whispered to himself.

He made a peculiar gesture, which was immediately understood by a watcher's eyes. The door of the carriage was noiselessly opened, and a dark form alighted and stood on the pavement.

No word was spoken—there was need of none.

Cecil returned quickly to the dining room. There still sat the three insensible figures. He approached Mrs. Rowland, lifted her gently and with ease from her chair, and bore her in his arms to the front of the entry. Then he glanced out, and received a signal that assured him the way was clear.

In an instant—so short the time seemed—the unconscious lady was conveyed to the carriage; then both men entered, Cecil first returning to close the door of the house, the order to move was given the driver, and this bold deed of abduction was done.

Over the stony street rolled the carriage, passing out Green to Eighth, but turning there to avoid the lighted front of the Ninth street depot, and then continuing by a roundabout way until it seemed that miles had been traversed, though the point at which it halted was not distant from the scene of Cecil's successful villainy.

### CHAPTER IX.

AN ASSIGNED MAN AND A WIDOW.

At ten o'clock Conductor Dale reached his home. He inserted his night key, turned the lock, and entered the hall, but without meeting a welcome from any one.

"Where is Jessie to-night, I wonder?" he said to himself. The house seemed strangely silent, though the gas had not been turned down as an indication that the family had retired.

Mr. Dale, after taking off his hat and overcoat, looked into the parlor. All was still there, with not even the gas burning.

"I'll go into the dining room," he muttered.

As he opened the door of that apartment, who should he find of the surprise of the spectacle there presented to him. The tea-table standing unattended, and the sister and daughter asleep beside it!

"Well, well! what does this mean? Mary, Jessie, what has come over you?" As they did not answer in response to his half-amused, half-anxious exclamations, his sensations became wholly of the former character.

A sudden suspicion entered his mind.

"Where is Mrs. Rowland?" he cried. "Ha!—has villainy been practiced here? She is gone! She is stolen from us!" He attempted to awaken the sleepers, but in vain.

"They have been drugged!" he now exclaimed with the force of conviction. "Annabel!"

As yet he had not thought of "Annabel" as an agent in the work.

Of course that doubtful creature did not respond.

Mr. Dale, now greatly alarmed as to the condition of his sister and Jessie, felt that a physician must be called to their aid.

"I must leave them here alone," he reflected with an anxious glance at the faces of each, "while I run to Dr. Brown's. Poor Mrs. Rowland! what can be done for her? If these villains have her in their power again, I fear they will hold her so closely that search for her will be vain."

Thus he thought as he hastened to the physician's.

Dr. Brown after being informed, somewhat disconcertedly it is true for a man usually so clear-headed and self-possessed as Mr. Dale, of what had happened, hurried with him to the scene.

Immediately upon examination of the two unconscious sleepers, he pronounced them drugged with a powerful narcotic, the presence of which in the tea he soon detected.

"The agent employed to produce this effect is not hurtful," said Dr. Brown. "The drug has done its work, and we can only wait until its influence passes off. Now, Mr. Dale, what is your explanation of this matter?"

Mr. Dale rapidly gave his opinion of the nature of the outrage, stating briefly the facts of Mrs. Rowland's coming to his house, her residence there, her persecution, etc.

"You are sure that she was not an impostor?" inquired the physician; "and that the robbery of your house was not her object?"

"I am perfectly satisfied of her worth and honesty," returned Mr. Dale. "She is the victim of a cruel conspiracy. I am constrained to believe that our servant, who has been with us but a short time, was the agent of others, and administered this drug. All is plain to me now."

"Perhaps they were colleagues," suggested Dr. Brown.

"Do you mean our servant and Mrs. Rowland?"

"I do."

"Impossible, doctor. I tell you this Mrs. Rowland is one of the purest and best, though most unfortunate women living."

"I advise you to go up-stairs and look at your bureau-drawers—your desk—or whatever there may be containing—or lately containing—valuables."

"No, no, doctor; your ideas are running in too low a channel. There is more in the matter than you will believe. My anxiety now is to know what can be done in behalf of this wronged lady."

Dr. Brown was still incredulous.

"Let us make an examination up-stairs," he said, "and if nothing is there found wrong, I will be less inclined to believe your late guest is a female sharper."

Mr. Dale glanced at the sleepers, who still lay in deep unconsciousness, apparently very comfortable in a large chair, and her aunt on a sofa which stood on one side of the room, and to which Aunt Mary had gently been removed.

The doctor smiled.

"They are doing well enough," he said, "though they will experience some very unpleasant sensations when this stupor leaves them. We can leave them here while we make the examination I have suggested."

The two men then proceeded to the upper apartments of the house, where no evidence of theft was to be seen.

Dr. Brown began to think that the facts were as Mr. Dale had declared.

"The proper authorities should be informed of what has occurred," he then said, "that the parties guilty of this outrage may, if proved, be detected."

"Of course, and immediately," returned Mr. Dale; "yet I fear that search will be in vain. There are no common villains, doctor. They are rascals who aspire to be millionaires—they are playing for a lofty stake. I will just step into Mr. Barnard's, next door, and ask him to approve some police officer of this affair, so that no time may be lost in attempting to aid Mrs. Rowland. I feel, doctor, as if one of my own blood had been thus torn from under my roof."

Mr. Dale spoke as he descended the stairway, reaching the entry, he stepped out to obtain the services of his friend and neighbor, Mr. Barnard. That gentleman had not yet retired, and after hearing a brief account of what had happened, departed at once to bring an officer to the scene of the outrage.

In a comparatively short time he returned with two members of the police force, who after obtaining a knowledge of the circumstances attending the occurrence, agreed that detectives should be employed to work out the case, as little publicity meanwhile being given to it as possible.

Jessie and her aunt were removed to their chambers, that deep, unnatural slumber still wrapping their senses.

Mr. Dale became fearful that it would prove fatal, but the doctor reassured him.

"Do not be in the least alarmed, Mr. Dale. The drug is a powerful one, but harmless except as it relates to the object with which it was employed. It is not a common narcotic, but one with which I



am fortunately well acquainted. The peculiarity of it is that the effects are so immediate. The circumstance of such a rare agent being used, is to me now an evidence that the parties engaged in this villainous work are, as you declare, no ordinary rogues—such would not have known of the existence of this medicine.

It was not until past midnight that Jessie and her aunt gave any sign of arousing from their condition of sleep. Then they did, and were gradually brought back to consciousness. As Dr. Brown had predicted, very curious and uncomfortable sensations succeeded the passive influence of the drug they had swallowed. But an antidote, which could not be safely administered, smoothed these manifestations. Jessie was soon in a condition to question and be questioned.

Her first words were:

"Aunt, something does not feel right."

She appeared determined to take up her consciousness at the point where she had left it off.

"Oh, dear," she then sighed, "and something else too."

Both her father and the doctor smiled, though the former particularly felt in any thing but a smiling humor, unless it was solely to see his daughter reviving.

"Jessie," he said,

"Is it nothing, father? or what is it?"

"I feel as if I had had forty dreams at once."

"Get awake, my dear, and then I will talk with you."

"Why, I am awake," returned Jessie, a little resentfully. "But, oh! what a queer sleep I have had! I must have taken some of Aunt's medicine that she is always offering."

"You have taken some of somebody else's," returned her father, with a humorous gravity she could not understand. "She was in a pretty fair condition of consciousness now, and for the first time noticed the presence of Dr. Brown. He was one of Jessie's favorites, and so she said—"

"Why, dear Dr. Brown? I'm glad to see you, but I am not sick, am I?"

He smiled benevolently for answer.

"What does it mean, father?" she asked, in pretty perplexity. "Here is Aunt, too, sleeping as if she didn't know you were here."

"Jessie," said her father, thinking she might now be able to recall what had taken place previous to experiencing the effect of the drugged tea, "do you remember what occurred this evening, or last evening, now?" he said, with a smile, "at the supper table."

"Why, yes, now," she answered, with a bewildered look. "We thought the tea was bad, and we slipped it to make sure of it, and—"

"That was all," added Mr. Dale.

"Shall I inform her of what has occurred?" he asked, in an aside, of Dr. Brown.

"You might as well, she will sleep no more to night."

"What has happened, father?" again inquired Jessie. "What makes you look so mysterious?"

"I will tell you, my child. There has been wickedness done in this house to night. Poor Mrs. Rowland's enemies have stolen her away from us."

"Oh, father!" cried Jessie, fearfully, though hardly comprehending what she had heard.

It was repeated to her, and then she understood it all.

"How cruel, how cunning! Can anything be done for our dear friend, father? Oh, it is terrible for those had men to have her in their power!"

"We have informed the police authorities, Jessie, we can do no more."

"And Aunt! she was only a spy and traitor, after all!"

"Nothing more."

"We had better keep Jessie, father."

Aunt Mary now appeared to be regaining possession of her senses also. Accordingly attention was given her, and the same note, with variations, was handed to her. She was then taken to her room, and left to rest.

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#### CHAPTER V.

A MILLIONAIRE WHO WAS NOT ALSO A FOOL.

We introduce the reader to a spacious and elegant house, in the aristocratic quarter of St. James street.

It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester, and also of their son Harry, who, however, spends much of his time in New York, where he acted as his father's agent in certain business transactions.

Ellis Lester and his wife were alone in their elegant private sitting room—an apartment, which, despite the luxuriousness of its appointments, possessed a cheerful, home-like look, often absent where more show is regarded.

He was a man of majestic physical build, his features were regular and handsome, his expression that of intellectual power and shrewdness tempered with benevolence; his hair was finely grizzled, his abundant beard almost of snowy whiteness, though his age was not over fifty-five, and altogether he looked the far-off, deep-thinking man of business, the gentleman and the father and the financier.

Even the latter, notwithstanding his life had been chiefly passed in the turmoil of the street and counting-room in great speculative enterprises and pioneer undertakings in works of corporate improvement. But he had been honest, and he had been successful, two things that tend to make a man satisfied with himself and the world. Ellis Lester had not grown harsh and rapacious as he prospered in material ways, but kept his heart human and tender.

His wife was one worthy of him—not the fine and refined lady merely, but the woman also. She was one of the few who know how to put a correct valuation upon worldly possessions—neither undervaluing them nor overvaluing them.

She shared in common with her husband the pleasure and responsibility of a vast fortune, enjoying it liberally and rationally, and never forgetting that a pleasure that will not please others than self, is a poor pleasure indeed.

A follower of fashion, as we all in a measure are, she liked home far better than she did society, and neglected the latter, that the world of show and gaiety might be better served. She was a woman of fine presence, with a high-bred air, one whom upon first meeting you might think possessed too much hauteur, but whose beauty of character and sweetness of disposition soon showed through her natural dignity and pride.

"My dear," said Mr. Lester, as he drew a velvet cushioned easy chair up to the drop light under the chandelier, "I have a very interesting note to read to you—of show you, as you please, since it is addressed to me only."

"Read it, please," responded Mrs. Lester.

Whereupon, with a quiet, contemplative smile, Ellis Lester read aloud the note addressed to him and his wife by the scheming, love-stricken Cecil Parnell.

"What do you think of this?" he inquired, as he finished, and looked toward her with a very unconcerned face.

"Let me see the handwriting, please," requested Mr. Lester, without much evidence of displeasure. "How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed, as she beheld the note.

Ellis Lester, who had been praising the handwriting, said to her: "Who could have sent that?" she wondered. "So our Harry, if this warning is to be believed, is to make a *grand* *fortune*, is he?"

"I do not think we need disturb ourselves greatly about the matter until we have better evidence than this of the fact. Harry has always trusted us, and I think he will continue so to do."

"You do not attach much importance to anonymous communications, I see—a very good rule," remarked her husband.

"But I am constrained to believe that there is some truth in this."

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Lester, with a smile, "I do not. Let me tell you that I have reason to think it probable in connection with this matter. You remember that Harry was talking an incident that occurred a few evenings since, at a dinner in this city."

"Very distinctly."

"Well, the young lady he met on that occasion is the person referred to in this note, and a very interesting young creature she is."

"You know her then?"

"I know her father, and I know him to be a most worthy and gentlemanly person."

"Stowell Dale," said Mrs. Lester, reading the name on the note.

"Yes, my dear, he is a conductor on the New York Division of our road."

"And he lives in Grosvenor street, and has an agreeable daughter, on whom I have had since their accidental meeting and acquaintance. Now I think Harry might have told us that."

"Well, he did, I heard him remark only last night that he was going to Mr. Dale's."

"I did not hear him, my dear."

"Yes, you heard him, but you did not particularly heed him; your attention was directed to something else at that moment, and so Harry got off without questioning. If you only had seen the pleased, expectant look he wore, no doubt in anticipation of the pleasure of his call, you would have thought, perhaps, that he was."

"That Harry is really interested in his new acquaintance?"

"Yes, my dear."

"How observing you are, I hope he hasn't fallen in love—to use an odious term—with a pretty face alone."

"Harry is not one of superficial tastes, I think."

"You appear, negatively, to favor his course?"

"I do positively, my dear. Harry is a sensible fellow, and if he is continuing his acquaintance with Miss Dale, we may rest assured that he has found something to attract him. We have heard him say a hundred times that he will never marry a fashionable woman, but that he is open to the charms of goodness, sweetness and simplicity, and I believe he means what he says."

"A fashionable woman may possess all those," remarked Mrs. Lester.

"Not the conventional, fashionable woman, and it was of that type he was speaking. He has a horror of being caught by some fair schemer. He says it is dreadful to be a millionaire's son—or regarded as such, and is a little or more of my opinion."

"What is that, my dear?"

"That there is no happiness like domestic happiness. And I know all about that."

Mr. Lester smiled most benignly on his wife.

"Thank you," she said. "There is no happiness like domestic happiness, and no unhappiness like domestic unhappiness. Harry is a peculiar youth, for one of his associations, and I am profoundly grateful that he is. He cares little for gay society, though he mingle in it so freely. His dream is of quiet, loving home-life, and he would be miserable were he to wed one whose tastes—especially as they might be

allowed free exercise because of his large means—were for a wholly worldly life.

There is danger to our son, too, for friendship and superficiality are so common, and often so artificial and deceiving."

"You have spoken my own thoughts, Lavinia," said her husband, very feelingly. "I trust our boy will be fortunate in his choice of a wife; and if she does come from outside of what is termed 'society,' if he does leave the gay gardens of the world and look for his heart's desire in a less crowded place, we will not say him nay, I think."

"Heaven forbid that false ideas should ever so much as touch his mind, Harry! I do not doubt he will choose wisely, and that his choice we will gladly make ours."

Cecil Parnell's shallow scheme to rid himself of a rival appeared to promise him only failure. Unfortunately for him, the world is not all made of the flimsy stuff he supposed it was.

"We will give ourselves no present anxiety on that score," said Mr. Lester. "I am only curious to know who has so early and gratuitously given us this notice of Harry's movements."

He picked up the note again and examined it, smiling and with a certain air of mystery.

"Whether the hand is masculine or feminine. It is certainly very striking and original."

"Never mind the note, my dear—destroy it. I should not like any one else to see it."

Mr. Lester tore the paper into very small pieces and then threw them into the grate.

"Tell me all you know of Stowell Dale. He is entirely respectable?" continued his wife.

"Oh, excellently so, and a man of much larger means than many suppose. I have always regarded him not only as a gentleman but as a character."

"What do you mean by that term?"

"Well, I hardly know what. He isn't just like other men; there seems to be something in him (not a part of his exterior) that makes you feel that there is something mysterious about him."

"It is because you do not know what you want to say," said Mrs. Lester, with a laugh. "Mr. Dale would doubtless be amused to hear you thus speak of him. Do you mean to say that there is something mysterious about him?"

"Yes, partly, I think it strange he continues in his arduous position of railroad conductor, when, as I have more than once understood, there is no necessity for it."

"He might ask why you, my dear, still love and burden yourself with the affairs of the financial and general business management of the road."

"There's where you have me," smiled Mr. Lester. "Especially since—"

He paused, and a noticeable expression of seriousness took the place of the smile.

"Especially since what?" inquired his wife.

"I ought not to trouble you with the mention of the matter, I suppose, but I will inform you that I have been annoyed some what of late—perhaps I should use a stronger term, and say disturbed—by certain communications of the kind which you look quite serious."

"It may be that I ought to feel so. But I will explain. I have lately received several letters, threatening me with accusations of an order to commit a crime, and I am sure of the truth of the matter."

"What do you mean, my dear? You look quite serious."

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out into a shrill whistle, and waking the echoes with "Just before the battle, mother," as he ran off.

He was not an outrageous time away, getting back at least half an hour before anybody expected him.

"Well, did you see ma'am?" asked the hall-keeper.

"No."

"She was there, wasn't she?"

"Oh, yes, she was there. A gentleman took the letter from me, and said as how he'd give it her," he replied.

"A gentleman?"

"Yes—one as I've seen about here. I know him by sight."

It was Mr. Austin Bertram who had met Taylor at the door and taken the letter from him.

"For Mademoiselle Claudia, is it?" he said, as he closed the door on the lad, and set off on his way, I've seen the handwriting, before."

He looked musingly at the letter again.

"What can she, of all women in the world, want to write Claudia about?"

## CHAPTER XVII.

## REVISED.

Love! Thy love!  
If a flame, it is warm to comfort,  
And to cheer; not to heat and scorch.  
Away! Profane not the sacred name!

—Mrs. Lovell.

A very short time after his disaster, Frank Vavasour was able to sit up and converse, and the doctor pronounced him out of danger.

"Hm! he's a very narrow escape—a very narrow escape indeed, my dear sir," he said. "A little more inclination of the weapon to the left, and we should hardly have pulled through it. In fact, as it is, I think we may be very thankful. However, all danger is past now, and we must only be careful to keep ourselves very quiet. No agitation, my dear sir—mind that—or I will not answer for the consequences."

Yes, it had indeed been a very narrow escape for Frank. The slightest turn of the knife, and the blow which had stretched him senseless on the floor would have proved fatal; but it was not ordained, and whatever object was sought in his death was frustrated.

No one could be found to the perpetrator of the outrage, and the victim himself could not give the slightest information, as he had seen nothing in the short interval which elapsed between his hearing the sound of some one behind him and receiving the blow which struck him down; but he had lost something. The glove, and the papers that had been wrapped up with it before he went to sea, had disappeared, and no trace of them was to be found.

Frank was very silent on the subject—much more so than was his landlady, who was horrified at such a catastrophe occurring in her house, or Mr. Bertram, who searched, and inquired, and offered a reward, but all without any tangible result.

"Leave the matter alone, Bertram," said Frank to the doctor, and danced for the misanthropic one of these days, and then—

"Well?"

"Why, then, I shall have a double account to settle with him, that's all."

"What can you mean?"

"Ah, I'm talking in riddles to you, of course; you do not understand—how should you? Let it rest—let it rest!"

And Austin Bertram was fain to follow his friend's advice, though he expressed himself in indignant terms to such of his intimates as he spoke to on the subject, that such a man should so easily take place in London without the police being able to find out the delinquent, and indulged in many a sneer at the incapability of our so-called detectives.

"In Paris, now," he remarked, "everybody in the house or connected with it would have been examined; but there's such a respect for what they're pleased to call the liberty of the subject in this infernal country, that while they're going in their roundabout fashion looking for a man, he walks away from under their very noses. Bah! I've no patience with these fellows. And he hits the nail on the head in a very vicious manner, and went off to expatiate on the iniquities of British law to the next acquaintance he met.

Claudia was very much surprised at the singular reticence which Frank Vavasour displayed upon the subject, and took him to task about it the first time he was able to visit her.

She occupied a pleasant little villa at Haywater, and drove backward and forward to her engagements in a well-appointed brougham, which was the envy of her less fortunate waterloos.

To this subject, however, she conveyed her friend as soon as the doctors pronounced him well enough to venture on a drive, and he was much invigorated by the fresh air and still warm sunbeams of the late autumn, while the trees had on their lovely changing tints, and beautiful flowers remained to tell of the past summer.

Claudia's dwelling was a perfect little paradise of neatness and good taste. Dorothy kept her two or three servants in good order, and superintended the household, and the favored few whom the actress admitted to her bowers always went away charmed with the house, and more than ever charmed with its mistress.

Frank felt his spirits revive as soon as he crossed the threshold, but he was too terribly depressed to rouse into his ordinary self at once.

"You are sadly *triste*, mon ami," Claudia said, after watching him for a while. "Is it that this dreadful outrage has injured you more than you will let me know, or is there any fresh cause?"

"No, Claudia, nothing fresh."

"Then, what makes you so sad?"

"A feeling that everything is going against me—that, strive as I will, I cannot fight against fate. Ah, you do not know what I lost on that night."

"I do."

"You do?"

"Yes; I know that you lost a man's glove and some papers. I know that, but I do not know their history, nor what made them so precious. Have you no confidence in me that you withhold the story?"

"Nay; any one may know it. The glove was the sole clue to the murderer of one who was more than a father—a friend I would have died for. It was found on the place where he fell. The papers were all the memoranda I possess relating to the mysterious affair. I cannot hope to make you understand what their loss is to me."

"I can quite understand. But is there any one who has a motive for stealing them?"

"Yes, one."

"Who? Ah! I need scarcely ask. You mean—"

"The man to whom the glove belongs."

She looked curiously at him.

"And you have never discovered who it is?"

"Never."

"But—and she hesitated."

"But—what, most sagacious counselor?"

he said, with a kind smile, taking her hand.

"You have a suspicion?"

"I can hardly say that. I had a suspicion, the strongest and most unfounded, I verily believe, that ever entered the head of mortal man; and yet I could not shake it off."

"Whom did you suspect? But what a foolish question for me to ask, who would be no wiser if you told me."

"You are mistaken, then, Claudia."

"But do you mean?"

"The man whom I suspected is well-known to you. But the idea is preposterous, though several circumstances fostered my belief at the time. He was staying in the house, and several things made me fancy it was his hand that committed the deed."

"Is it a secret?"

"Not from you. I believe, despite the libels on your sex, that you can be silent; and if ever you feel any inclination to reveal it, remember that I have no grounds for my suspicion. The man whom I imagined had murdered my poor friend was Austin Bertram."

"Bertram?"

"Even so. I cannot account for it any more than I could rid myself of the fancy. Was I mad?"

"No."

"The tone of her voice was strange and grave, and she looked at her with astonishment."

"What makes you speak like that?" he asked.

"The feeling I have toward him myself."

"How?"

"When I look at him his face brings back to my mind the remembrance of every dreadful thing that happened to me when I was a child; and before my mother died I had seen suffering enough for a lifetime."

"Poor Claudia!" he murmured, exclaimingly.

"I connect him most strangely," she continued, "with things which happened in that time of privation and misery—with one dreadful outrage in particular; and yet he has neither the face nor style of my poor mother's persecutor, and there is not the slightest resemblance in their names; but at the same time I feel a sort of nameless dread creep over me whenever I meet him. It seems as though he would influence my life in some way, as the bad man I speak of influenced my mother's."

"Instinctive antipathies are strange things," remarked Frank, after a pause; "but I believe in them. I have precisely the same feeling which you speak of toward Austin Bertram, in spite of his great kindness to me."

"He is not a good man," I am sure," said Claudia, musingly; "though he has never given me any cause for saying so. The resemblance may be a chance one after all."

"Who do you fancy he is like?"

"Ah, I hardly know. I will tell you the whole story some day, all about my early struggles with my mother. I've sung in the streets for a dinner, and danced for my supper in the tap room of a wayward public house; but it wouldn't do to put that at the top of the bill, so they have invented the pretty little history, which I have no doubt my admirers believe most implicitly; and it was in those days of want and hardship that I met the man I spoke of."

"But you did not tell me his name."

"How inquisitive you are. But I will tell you. His name was—"

A servant appeared at the door at this moment, and, respectfully—

"Lord Nortonshall is below, mademoiselle. Shall I show him up?"

"Certainly."

She waited until the girl had closed the door, and then turning to Frank, with a smile that was half sad—

"You had better go," she said, quietly. "I know you will not care to meet him; don't either; but then I cannot afford to be impolite."

She opened a side-door as she spoke, and let him pass through. He went at her bidding, sadly enough, for though he did not love her, he had seen her, and he could not bear the idea that an unprincipled man like Lord Nortonshall should be a constant visitor to her house.

Frank Vavasour knew that Claudia was pure and innocent itself; but he knew also that slanderous tongues were busy with her name, comparing it with the peer's in no measured terms.

He walked away from the house quietly, for he knew the visitor would make a long stay, and as he went, strangely enough, his thoughts ran on a little carved casket which he had seen standing on a side-table in Claudia's room; it had been there, before, and it had never excited his curiosity; but now it haunted him strangely.

It was only a carved toy, a pretty useless nothing, such as ladies love to encumber their tables with; but he could not get it out of his head.

"I'll look at it when I go back," he thought. "I suppose I have seen something like it before, and that is why it comes uppermost to day."

Meanwhile, Lord Nortonshall was sitting with the actress, wearing her beyond expression with his prayers and protestations. She was powerless to end the interview—he would not go.

"You are wasting your love on yonder fickle boy," he said, at length, having picked up a book which was lying on the table, and had Frank Vavasour's name inscribed in it.

"You have no right to say such things to me."

"Bah! it's true, and what return will you get for your affections?" he said, sneeringly. "When he is recovered enough to go back to the disipation in which I hear he lives, he'll fall in love with the first pretty face he sees, as he has with yours."

"You are very polite and complimentary, my lord; but you jump too hastily to conclusions. I have never said I loved the gentleman in question."

"No, perhaps not in words; but your every action testifies it. Oh, Claudia, it makes me mad with jealousy. I want your love for myself."

"You will never have it, my lord. My gratitude for your kindness, my respect you may have; but your wife should stand between your love and me."

"My wife—pshaw! don't speak of her. You don't know her."

"I know she is a woman, my lord, and your wife, and her claims and reputation must be trifled with. You would make of me your toy, your plaything. That is plain speaking, is it not? But it is the truth, and you would boast among your boon companions of your triumph. It would be a glorious conquest, would it not?—a strong man over a weak woman; but it happens every day."

"You are hard, Claudia. You do not consider how I love you."

"Love! Do not profane the word, my lord. It is too holy to be linked with sin. Were there no other reason, the memory of my mother, and the hope of one day meeting another person would keep me from wrong-doing."

"Another lover, I presume, you mean."

"No, you are wrong. It is—or rather was—a little child."

"A child?"

"Yes, shall I tell you the story?"

"Tell me anything you like to me how you will; everything you do or say only makes me love you the more, Claudia. I would give all earth and Heaven, were they mine, to hear you say you returned that love."

"Too great a price to pay for it, my lord; but I will tell you when I saw the child. I shall meet her again—I know I shall."

"The man whom I suspected is well-known to you. But the idea is preposterous, though several circumstances fostered my belief at the time. He was staying in the house, and several things made me fancy it was his hand that committed the deed."

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It was only a carved toy, a pretty useless nothing, such as ladies love to encumber their tables with; but he could not get it out of his head.

"I'll look at it when I go back," he thought. "I suppose I have seen something like it before, and that is why it comes uppermost to day."

Meanwhile, Lord Nortonshall was sitting with the actress, wearing her beyond expression with his prayers and protestations. She was powerless to end the interview—he would not go.

"You are wasting your love on yonder fickle boy," he said, at length, having picked up a book which was lying on the table, and had Frank Vavasour's name inscribed in it.

"You have no right to say such things to me."

"Bah! it's true, and what return will you get for your affections?" he said, sneeringly. "When he is recovered enough to go back to the disipation in which I hear he lives, he'll fall in love with the first pretty face he sees, as he has with yours."

"You are very polite and complimentary, my lord; but you jump too hastily to conclusions. I have never said I loved the gentleman in question."

"No, perhaps not in words; but your every action testifies it. Oh, Claudia, it makes me mad with jealousy. I want your love for myself."

"You will never have it, my lord. My gratitude for your kindness, my respect you may have; but your wife should stand between your love and me."

"My wife—pshaw! don't speak of her. You don't know her."

"I know she is a woman, my lord, and your wife, and her claims and reputation must be trifled with. You would make of me your toy, your plaything. That is plain speaking, is it not? But it is the truth, and you would boast among your boon companions of your triumph. It would be a glorious conquest, would it not?—a strong man over a weak woman; but it happens every day."

"You are hard, Claudia. You do not consider how I love you."

"Love! Do not profane the word, my lord. It is too holy to be linked with sin. Were there no other reason, the memory of my mother, and the hope of one day meeting another person would keep me from wrong-doing."

that would be dangerous; and how to let her know was more than he could contrive.

A sudden thought struck him—he would ask Claudia's advice; and he started for Haywater on the spur of the moment.

He reached the villa, however, he had reconsidered. He might mix her up in his troubles by so doing, and that would be both wicked and cruel. She had enough trouble already on her head, without burdening her with his.

It was, consequently, as an ordinary visitor that he knocked at the door, and was most warmly welcomed by Claudia, who, in her neat home dress, sprang to meet him with a beaming face.

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, in a joyful tone, "I am so glad you have come. I was so frightened about you."

"Frightened?"

"Yes. You'll think me very foolish, but I dreamed."

"Dreamed? Of what, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you," he laughed.

"Don't laugh at me, Frank. Indeed it was a fearful dream, though most confusing and bewildering. I dreamed that you were in danger—danger to your life, Frank—and that I was in peril, too, and another person, too, a woman, and it came to me all through—whom do you think?"

"I cannot guess."

"Your friend, Mr. Bertram."

"Through him? Why, what possible harm can he do to us?"

"Oh, I don't know. I only feel that something will happen, and his will be the hand to inflict it, I am sure."

"My dear Claudia, you are nervous this morning; let us talk about something else to-night. And as he spoke, he touched the little casket which lay upon the table, "I have often felt curious to know what it contains, but it is always so securely fastened."

"And you are curious?"

"I am. All men. Curiosity is a failing laid specially to our sex, but it belongs quite as fairly to yours. Suppose I keep that casket merely for its outward beauty? Many ladies keep such things upon their tables."

"Then why lock it?"

"Most men have a reason for everything. Have you ever tried to open it, that you are so persistent about its being locked?"

"Yes, often."

"You impatient man. You deserve that it should have turned out a miniature inferno, full of little guns to shoot at you as soon as it opened. That's a fine reward for curiosity. If any of my other friends are tormented with the same curiosity, I must look up my pretty casket for fear of mishap. It is pretty, is it not?"

"Very—it would be a pity to remove it from the place—it is quite an ornament; and if it is locked, and you keep the key, there cannot be much danger."

"But it is not locked, most sagacious judge; it has neither lock nor key. I see that you will not be satisfied until my mysteries are explained, so hand it to me, and I will exhibit its wonderful properties without delay."

Frank handed it over to her, turning it round as he did so, and regarding it attentively.

"It is truly Venetian in style, is it not?" said Claudia, as she took it from him.

"It is."

"And truly Venetian in its contents, as you will see by and by. Now to open it. I am puzzled sometimes myself. Oh, here it is. You press pretty hard upon this engraved line, and mark the result. It is a perfect piece of mechanism, in surprise."

"Beyond all price, I believe. I was made to understand so, at any rate."

"And what are they? Some rare perfume, I suppose."

"No."

"Some delicate cosmetic, then—some preserver of feminine beauty?"

"Wrong again."

"Then I'll give up guessing. I never was good at it, and I see no probability of finding out."

"One is poison."

"Poison?"

"Poison? the most deadly that can be conceived. I told you it was a true Venetian gift."

"A dangerous one. What induced any one to give you such a thing?"

"I really don't know. It was most gallantly given me by an old nobleman, a former friend of my father's. The case, I believe, was an old heirloom of the family, and the contents of the bottles were prepared some time in the last century. 'Take this, my child,' he said to me at parting. 'It is an old man's only gift; it will keep you from sin, save you from some revenge you may feel. A single drop of the one phial will suffice. The other is a sleeping draught, potent, but harmless. It will throw you into a torpor resembling death, but doing no harm. You may find both useful in the strange land of eternal clouds to which you are going; and if your path is all over roses, and you have no need to use an old man's gift, the casket will keep you in remembrance.' Ah," she continued, "I should not have needed anything to make me remember him, poor old Signor Francesco Morano; but I took it from him in the same spirit in which it was offered."

"But the poison is not so afraid of old men as you are. You are not in Venice now. And you can keep the casket still."

"No. I will keep the old man's gift intact. I shall have no need in my quest for anything so murderous as poison, and as for the sleeping draught I should consider that quite as dangerous as the other. You need have no fear of my trying either."

She closed the casket, and set it in its place, and said no more upon the subject; but Frank could not get it out of his head. All the rest of the day his thoughts ran riot on the subject of the powerful poison in Claudia's possession, and the possibility of an accident happening with it.

Certainly, no one knew of its existence, but for all that she could not help wishing that she would throw it away.

On that very day, however, another person discovered the secret of the casket. Lord Nortonshall, snatching up to Haywater, presented himself at the door of the villa.

"My mistress is out, my lord," said the servant who opened it.

"Will she be long?"

"I can't say, my lord. She left no message."

"Ah, well! I'll go in and wait for her. She'll not be long, I dare say."

Shown into the room where he was usually received, his lordship began to fidget about the room, as men will do when they have nothing to do, and presently, in the course of his wanderings about the room, he came upon the casket.

"Wonder what it is," he said to himself, turning it round and round. "I don't believe it's solid—and yet I've never seen it open. It's a pretty bit of antique carving, really. Hallo! What's this?"

In turning and twisting it about between his hands, he had pressed upon the spring which raised the lid, and the little bottles lay revealed.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he drew them out, and discovered an inscription which lay underneath.

It was written in Italian, a language which he was a master of, and set forth the properties of each bottle, with the name of the celebrated chymist who compounded them.

No. 1, the left-hand bottle, was the poison; No. 2, which lay on the right, the antidote.

"A pretty plaything for a lady, upon my word!" he exclaimed, holding the bottles up to the light to see what colors they were. *La belle Claudia* had brought Italian customs here with a vengeance. Poison in a lady's room! Is my dainty beauty a second Ledaia? Or, that she arms herself in this fashion?"

The mistress was very nearly the same color—a dark brown—and were hermetically sealed. While he held them in his hand he heard steps outside, and Claudia's voice sounded in the hall.

Lord Nortonshall hastily replaced the second Ledaia, and closed the casket just as the actress entered the room; but in his hurry he had unwittingly made a great mistake, and changed their places.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

"IF."

It sitting with this little note-out above And scart stocking tying on my knee, I know the little feet had patterned through The great—sat gates that lie twist Heaven and

I could be reconciled, and happy, too, And look with glad eye toward the Jasper sea.

If in the morning, when the song of birds Is heard, and the sunbeams are more sweet, I listened for his pretty broken words And for the music of his dimpled feet, But he came not, though I heard him near, No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done, And all the cares and heartaches laid away, I could look westward to the hidden sun, And with a heart full of deep longing say: To-night I'm nearer to my little one By just the travel of a single day.

If I could know those little feet were shod In sandals wrought of light in better lands, And that the footprints of a tender tread Ran side by side with his in golden sands, I could be cheerful and kind the red And blue of his eyes in my better hands.

If he were dead I would not sit to-day And stain



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1873.

## TERMS—Always in Advance.

Single copy, 10 cts. a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is to be sent by express, and the publisher will send one of the Post to each subscriber. The price of the Post is 10 cts. a copy, and 10 cts. a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is to be sent by express, and the publisher will send one of the Post to each subscriber. The price of the Post is 10 cts. a copy, and 10 cts. a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is to be sent by express, and the publisher will send one of the Post to each subscriber.

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## JESSIE DALE.

THE CONDUCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

By Mary E. Woodson.

The Plot Against The Pennsylvania Railroad.

We call attention to this

GREAT STORY,

which we are now publishing. It relates to a

SECRET SOCIETY,

supposed to have molested prominent officers of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Every one will want to read it.

Our Next Serial.

A WOMAN'S VOW.

By Mary E. Woodson.

Will be begun in No. 10 of the

Saturday Evening Post.

This is one of the most powerfully written Serials published this year. Every one should be sure to read it. It is a

GREAT STORY.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THE FOURTH CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

It does really not seem possible that there have been four Cincinnati Expositions to write about, dear Post. Not until I come to count them on my fingers, and to remember one by one that I had a new black silk dress to wear to the first one, that I had that dreadful ague and couldn't go to the second one at all, and that during the whole time of the third one, my miserable man was so tormented with a freshet of rheumatism, that for four blessed weeks I was at my wit's end how to eat and sleep and be blessed Providence severely that He hadn't let me be born a Christian statesman or a successful opera singer, instead of a miserable newspaper correspondent.

That's how I remember the first three Expositions. I remember the last fourth one which closed two nights ago—let me see—I remember this Exposition by the fact that while visiting it I was most egregiously humiliated by a man. I bought a lovely bottle of sassafras honey. The said man assured me on his honor that it was real honey, and that he "wouldn't let me be fooled." He looked like an honest man. He had a real nose mustache. He took me in. I bought a bottle of his real honey, brought it home and tried it on a hot biscuit, and it was about as much honey as a newspaper editor's temper. I paid forty cents a pound for sugar with a lot of water stirred into it. When a man with a real nose mustache assures you that he "wouldn't let you be fooled," beware of that man.

The worst objection to this Exposition is that a body can't find anything new to say about it. It was very big and beyond praise, and that sort of thing, and contained every device of man, from that first invention of human skill, the original fig-leaved apron of Adam, right on up to the latest and greatest, the machine for making crinkled stove-pipes. But all those things had been there before, and newspaper people had nibbled them all up and written about them over and over again. The Exposition was very much the same as last year. Anybody can hear to look at a machine for crinkling stove-pipes two or three years right along, and admire it every time, but when it comes to the fourth year, it begins to be a

little bit monotonous. Ditto a ravishingly beautiful white and gilt hearse for the accommodation of dead children who want to be buried in style. Ditto a stuffed owl. The powers that be have the Exposition for 1874 in charge should locate their bones and find something new for us to gaze at—or else the reporters will starve. And when you in Philadelphia arrange for the Grand Centennial Exposition of '76, do take warning by our example, and scour the universe for something new.

The Natural History department of our Exposition was really new and well worth examining. Entering from one of the Floral Hall doors, the first thing you saw was a cage with three baby alligators in it, each about a foot long and as ugly as a leather shoe. They have a sort of quivered way of shutting their eyes. First they have a sort of membrane which they shut over the eye from end to end, from front to back. Then they have a sort of lid which they leave up over the eye from the bottom to the top, and shut their ugly peepers, instead of lowering the lid from above downward, like a Christian. If you ever see an alligator, watch him wink.

At the other side of the entrance, nearly opposite the baby alligator, just above the corner of the building, a young man, dressed in a suit of black and white, was standing, looking at the alligator. He was a young man, dressed in a suit of black and white, was standing, looking at the alligator. He was a young man, dressed in a suit of black and white, was standing, looking at the alligator.

Speaking of monkeys reminds me to mention a very curious little one worn by a South American chief, and exhibited in this last Cincinnati Exposition. It is made of monkey's bones and teeth and birds' skulls, and fringed with those brilliant and beautiful Brazilian beetles which we have read so much about at one time and another. I had no idea in the world, until I saw that South American savage's belt, that then the crowd surged up and shoved its way to the stand where the monkey was on, past the stupid dried plants, past the everlasting tiresome spectacles of stuffed birds, past the rare and large collection of old coins which I don't think I can do to get my ten fingers upon the coins of these days. The coin of the present day are far more interesting to me than the coins of a thousand years ago.

I should think so. Here are some tremendous shells from the Indian coast, big enough for a giant baby's cradle, and on the other side is a cage with two wicked rattlesnakes, and a card tacked to it bearing the legend "Hands off." Just as if anybody would want to put his hands on the deadly creatures. Two little dried-up old individuals passed before the rattlesnake cage, and came throbbing with excitement, sticking out an expression of admiration not unmingled with awe, watching the wide open eyes and slowly moving heads of the fearful reptiles. Finally one little old man gives the glass case a timid poke with his skinny forefinger, like the Ancient Mariner, and remarks to the other little old man:

"Alive, I reckon?"

"I rather 'reckon' they are, little old man."

On again towards a case of tiny shells and nondescript curiosities, before which a crowd of people are gathered. This case is a shallow box of specimens marked "Pearls from the Little Miami River." This shallow box particularly claims the admiration of a very tall, stout female woman in a red dress, a washed in black bonnet, and a brilliant, striped woollen shawl pinned up around her neck tight enough to choke her. In one muscular brown fist she held a big fat lemon cracker, while the forefinger of the other muscular brown fist pointed to the shallow box. She took a tremendous bite out of the big fat lemon cracker, and then with her mouth crammed and her cheek full of cracker crumbs, she jogged the elbow of her companion and spoke as follows:

"Then there specimens comes from the Little Miami River?"

Then she took another tremendous bite out of the big fat lemon cracker and a second time, with her teeth full of cracker crumbs, she jogged the elbow of her companion and remarked, solemnly:

"Then there specimens comes from the Little Miami River?"

And as we passed on and lost her in the crowd, we saw her take a third tremendous bite, which finally finished the big fat lemon cracker, and heard this singular female with her teeth yet full of cracker crumbs, observe for the third time:

"Then there specimens comes from the Little Miami River?"

I don't know whether she is standing there saying it yet or not. Probably she won't the Little Miami River.

There is not room to mention a hundredth part of the curious and interesting things in this Natural History department. It was beyond all doubt the most enterprising feature of the Exposition. We passed all through it from end to end, making a little note here and there at wide intervals. Finally, at the farther end, we came to a certain specimen which, while we don't know whether it comes from the "Little Miami River" or not, is a very remarkable specimen of gristle with High in mid air over our heads is fixed a huge stuffed alligator. Seated astride this alligator is a ghastly human skeleton, taking a wild witch's ride. I can't tell you the effect of it. It is what one might call ridiculously horrible. I don't know who is responsible for this piece of diabolical, witch-like fun. But it certainly is an idea. Everybody will agree with me there. The skeleton riding the alligator topped off the Natural History room. After that it said "Sweet Child," etc. "Sweet Child," etc. is the last specimen in the Natural History department.

It was very excellent and entertaining, as I told you. But there is one thing I beg to be permitted to remark. Since the time when I was a schoolmistress and corrected boys' compositions, my two eyes have never beheld such atrociously spelling as was displayed on the labels attached to the articles in that Natural History department. There were some curious mistakes on exhibition, from the north part of Canada West, somewhere—mosses such as the reindeer subsists on. The label attached informed an admiring public that

the mosses were "Hindoo Food." Dear! Dear! How is that for spelling in the Queen City of the West? In another place they spelled heads—heads. Yet again some brilliant genius labeled a stuffed bird, a golden pheasant. And even in the Art Gallery of the Exposition the word sculpture is printed *sculpture*. I'd like to inquire what dictionary our art committee got the word sculpture out of.

And so on all through nearly the spelling of the labels was a scandal on the State of Ohio. When the officers for the Exposition of '74 are elected, I'd advise you to devote a good part of the year to their spelling-books. Because such spelling, as I've noted above, is—it's just awful.

My beloved young friends, if it costs you your life—learn to spell!

ZIG.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Dear Post. With many apologies for past dereliction of duty, and in humble self promise to do better in future, I hesitatingly sit down to Post you on New York fashions. But where to commence? Ah, there's the rub.

It is long, very long since the subject was broached between us, and so many varied are the changes which have taken place, that to give you any idea of the modern woman as she appears in October, 1873, one needs must commence at the graceful wave of the willow feather that floats from the apex of the towering hat, trying coquettishly with the waning wind, and then, as if by magic, some where before, and work gradually downward through all the many gradations of toilet to the very tip of the cunning little French kid boots. It looks like a Hercules task, and, but like Tennyson, we believe in letting "the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of time."

In the little item of

HATS AND BONNETS,

great dissatisfaction has been felt for the last two years, and many and mutinous have been the whispers, and significant the clenching of tiny fists as fair femininity has surveyed herself in the plate-glass mirror, and vainly endeavored to coax herself into the opinion that she did not look somewhat fashionable. The nearest approach to satisfaction was the half-angry admission, "Very stylish," and in that one expression was summed up every merit possessed by the poor unfortunate bonnet; and even that one comforting reflection was due to the homage paid to Madame Fashion. Anything, no matter how low, is stylish, if the ruling deity but attaches his signature, and Fashion, like Charity, and a waterproof cloak, covereth a multitude of sins.

But this season the bonnets are prettier, and in some instances make a somewhat most surprising contrast to those worn by the last two years, and many and mutinous have been the whispers, and significant the clenching of tiny fists as fair femininity has surveyed herself in the plate-glass mirror, and vainly endeavored to coax herself into the opinion that she did not look somewhat fashionable. The nearest approach to satisfaction was the half-angry admission, "Very stylish," and in that one expression was summed up every merit possessed by the poor unfortunate bonnet; and even that one comforting reflection was due to the homage paid to Madame Fashion. Anything, no matter how low, is stylish, if the ruling deity but attaches his signature, and Fashion, like Charity, and a waterproof cloak, covereth a multitude of sins.

The two ruling bonnets are known as "Dauphine" and "Hercules." Both have high Oxford crowns, but the brim of the "Dauphine" stands up like a coronet all around to the ears, while that of the "Hercules" is set up over the forehead and droops at the sides.

Some velvet is the material for the bonnet proper, but such words of trimming are this season admissible that when once detached it would be hard for the casual observer to say whether velvet, felt or straw formed the base of operations. Feathers were never more fashionable, and never before displayed in one fourth part the numerous tints now seen—a dozen being sometimes used upon one bonnet, yet so delicately and harmoniously blended as to in no wise shock the most refined and cultivated taste. After feathers come tresses of twisted silk and branches of fruit, grass, berries, and all the natural leaves of brown and crimson, while here and there is seen a buckle of jet or mother of pearl. In colors, sage, green, olive, brown, mulberry, and dark blue find greatest favor, combined with trimming in the lightest, brightest and most opulent shades.

In hats we have what is known as the "Wellington," a pretty stylish little creation, and seemingly adapted to all styles of beauty, and marvellously becoming to ugly faces as well. It has a high crown slightly pointed with a medium width brim turned up at each side, and a very distinctive style. The front is ornamented with a poupon or ostrich tips and bows of ribbon waving from the top tips backward over the shoulders a long, waving, willow feather, either black, or a grayish white. On the side is thrust a steel dagger of immense proportions, with a hat of any kind and a natural leaves of brown and crimson, while here and there is seen a buckle of jet or mother of pearl. In colors, sage, green, olive, brown, mulberry, and dark blue find greatest favor, combined with trimming in the lightest, brightest and most opulent shades.

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## Biographical Sketches.

DON CARLOS.

By MAURICE F. EGAN.

Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, whom his adherents style King of Spain, was born on the 30th of March, 1818. The place of his birth was a small hotel in Laybach, a town in the Austrian empire. His father, Don Juan de Bourbon, the second son of Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII., who, in the seven years' civil war, so perseveringly asserted his claim to the Spanish crown; his mother, Dona Maria Beatrice, being daughter of the Grand Duke of Modena.

At the birth of Don Carlos, a royal rescript from the Duke of Angoulême, his father, dated the 15th of January, 1818, was received, by which he was named Don Carlos, and his baptism was performed on the 1st of February, 1818, by the Archbishop of Madrid. His mother, Dona Maria Beatrice, was a daughter of the Grand Duke of Modena, and his father, Don Juan de Bourbon, was a brother of Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII., who, in the seven years' civil war, so perseveringly asserted his claim to the Spanish crown; his mother, Dona Maria Beatrice, being daughter of the Grand Duke of Modena.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

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Originally Higgins was a baggage-smasher on the Black and Blank railroad, but somebody told him some money and he bought a farm, and settled down as an agriculturist. He had almost forgotten his old habits and propensities as the years went by, when, one day, while he was in town, he happened to pass a trunk store, where several trunks and valises were standing out upon the pavement. Instantly a flood of recollections poured into his soul, and he felt himself impelled by some irresistible power to indulge in his former pastime. He leaped upon an empty trunk and stamped it with his feet. Then he seized it, and bumped it against the pavement three or four times; then he jammed it against a lamp-post, and got a paving stone, and pounded it, and pounded it up against the wall, and spat on it and swore. And he dragged the carpet bags through the mud, and ripped open the valises with his knife, and then he rushed into the store and had convulsions on the floor because there were several hundred trunks in there, and he knew he wouldn't have time to smash the whole stock to atoms before nightfall. He settled the bill next morning in an alderman's office, for, although he explained to the trunk man that his conduct was only a little freak that he couldn't help because the associations of the past overcame him when he saw that baggage, the man betrayed an indisposition to manifest sympathy with a victim of psychological phenomena of that particular description.

Last winter they had new furnaces put in the cellar of the church of St. Nicholas, where we go. But somehow they didn't work well. The first time the fire was put in them was on Saturday morning, and on Sunday the smoke was so dense in the church that nobody could see the clergyman. The man had put the stove-pipe into the hot-air flue. Next Saturday night the fires were lighted, but on Sunday morning only the air immediately under the roof was warm, and the congregation couldn't very comfortably roast around on the rafters, they nearly froze to death. The sexton was then instructed to make the fire on Thursday, in order to give the church a chance to become thoroughly heated. He did so, and early Sunday morning the furnaces were so choked up with ashes that the fire went out, and again the thermometer in the front pews marked zero. Then the sexton received orders to make that fire on Thursday, and to sit there and watch it until church time on the following Sabbath. He did, and both furnaces were in full blast at the appointed hour. That was the only warm Sunday we had last winter. The mercury was up to eighty out of doors, while in the church everywhere was in a profuse perspiration, and the bellows-blower at the organ faintly murmured the hymn of the resurrection. The next Sunday the sexton tried to keep the fire low by pushing in the dampers, and consequently the church was filled with coal gas, and the choir couldn't sing, nor could the minister preach without coughing every minute. That afternoon the sexton took the cast-iron register in the floor, while he examined the flue to see if anything was the matter. He thought there was, and he went into the cellar for a moment to fix it. While he was gone, old Mrs. Magruder came in to hunt her hymn book, and she accidentally walked into the hole, and was subsequently dragged out in an apoplectic condition, and he thought one of the furnace bursts and nearly burned the sanctuary down. They were both sold out at auction on the next Tuesday by a disgusted people, and now things are better, only Mrs. Magruder never passes the register when she comes to church, without clinging to a pew and muttering her prayers as she goes up the aisle.

Mrs. Brown, of Camden, wants a divorce from her husband on account of his brutality. She says he never beats her; he gives her plenty of money, he never refuses to let her buy bonnets, and he pro-

poses to love her, but she can't stand a man who keeps her up with her. Brown is tall and she is short, and when he can't get his legs to work right. They agreed to start off, whenever they went walking, with the left foot, but Brown generally forgot and led off with his right foot; and then, while she was trying to get in step with him, he would try to catch step with her, and after both of them had been shuffling around upon the pavement for five minutes or so in a most absurd manner, they would go ahead out of step just as before. And then, when Brown would endeavor to take short steps like hers, his gait was so ridiculous as to excite remark; and when she tried to take long strides like his, people stopped and looked at her in the street and thought she was crazy. Then she strove to take two steps to his one, but she found that one of his was equal to two and a half of hers, and when she undertook to make that fractional number in order to keep with him, he frowned at her and said, "If you're good to dance the polka-maronka upon the public highway, I'm gone home." So now Mrs. Brown wants a divorce. She can't stand it any longer. It is very sad that the happiness of an affectionate family and the love of two immortal souls should be destroyed by any cause, but particularly it is melancholy that so much misery should be created by the abominable inhumanity and obstinacy of the legs of a man named Brown.

In one of the sketches of the career of the French Marshal, Bazaine, recently published in a daily paper, we find the statement that "Bazaine fought in combat. He is never happier than when the leaden missiles of death are whistling about him." We have always believed that there was a difference between us and Bazaine, and now we have discovered what it is. We do not delight in combat, and we are not happy when the bullets whistle about us. Our military experience has not been as extensive as Bazaine's. We were only out with the Pennsylvania militia; but yet we saw enough to convince us that we would never care much about standing in the imminent and deadly breach, if there was another man there with guns and wanted us to leave, and that we would never "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," unless we were positively certain that the cannon was empty. No man is less afraid of a cannon than we are when it is not loaded. We would stand in front of a battle with the quiver of a muscle. But Bazaine is not thus. He is disconsolate and miserable and bilious, unless somebody is banging at him with a shot gun, or trying to stir him up between the ribs with a bayonet. His idea of bravery is to stand still and let the enemy march through his legs and blow him apart with shells. Durs is to move on; not in reckless haste, but with as much speed as is consistent with dignity and due regard for the celerity of the foe. About twelve miles an hour was the fastest time our militiamen made when they wanted to get off the field. They walked in falling back. It was our favorite maneuver; but the bloodthirsty veteran that ever plunged his sword hilt-deep in human gore, could not have advanced with greater calmness than we did when the enemy began to retreat. Bazaine himself would have shied at this, and the writer dashing around Harburg with his squad, frantic with eagerness to shed the blood of Confederates who were at that moment crossing the Potomac river sixty miles away.

The Tittles and the O'Flukes, although living next door to each other, are not on speaking terms. The Tittles, it seems, claim to be of aristocratic origin, while Mrs. O'Fluke, it is well known, is the daughter of a rag-picker, and her husband is rich and ignorant; so the Tittles look down on the O'Flukes, and that makes the O'Flukes mad. It may be as well to state that Mr. Tittle is near-sighted, and that Mrs. O'Fluke has red hair, but she can carry a five-hundred pound cooking-stove up-stairs without drawing an extra breath. The other day Tittle came home and found, as he thought, his little girl making mud pies in the gutter in front of the house. As he had often forbidden her to do this, he became angry, and rushing at her he picked her up and began to spank her in a singularly energetic manner. It so happened that he was mistaken. It was Mrs. O'Fluke's youngest child, and what was worse, Mrs. O'Fluke saw him whipping the child, and she started to run, and she pursued him. When the paragon had gone around the block a couple of times Mr. Tittle's wind began to fail, and the warm-haired avenger was almost up to him. He darted up the alley and tried to spring over his back fence. He had just reached the top when the infuriated O'Fluke came up behind him, and with the leg and removed him suddenly from his foot. "Got it splitting kindling wood," was what he told his friends the next day when they inquired respecting the black and blue condition of his eye. But Mrs. O'Fluke knows better, and she glows over the circumstance.

Perhaps only those of our readers who live in the vicinity of Philadelphia will be interested in this story, but it will do to tell, and it is true. A German, named, we will say, Schmidt, lives at Manayunk. He came to the city a few days ago, and after pretty generous indulgence in lager beer, he got on the cars to go home. On the way up he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was in Downingtown, many a long mile beyond his destination. He was provoked; but he spent the night at a hotel, and in the morning after a few more glasses of beer, he stepped on the train to go home. He went asleep again during the journey, passed Manayunk, and woke up just as the train entered Philadelphia when he was mad. He jumped off of the cars, and got on a train which had just started up the road, and resolved to keep awake this time at all hazards. He did; but what was his horror to perceive, in a few moments, that the train switched off at the junction, and sped on its way to Germantown! When he was disappointed at the depot in that place he selected a few of the most robust adjectives in the German language with which to express his feelings. Then he got on another train to return to the city, but he was so blinded with rage that he did not perceive that it was the train for Chestnut Hill. Upon arriving at the latter place, he got out, and after reflecting whether it wouldn't perhaps be better to telegraph home for his winter clothes, he determined not to, and with a hearty curse hurled at those wretched railroad monopolies, he walked across country to Manayunk. He drives in town now in a buggy when he wants to make a visit.

Words show the wit of man, but actions his meaning.



## THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY JOHN L. KEE.

When the forest is spread in the marble hall,  
And the wine from the beaker flows;  
And the rich, quaint songs upon the wall,  
In the light of the dancing flames;  
When the cavaliers sing and the maidens play,  
And dance to the light guitar;  
If from the revel to this, or from  
Who is over the mountains far.

He loved me, yes, with a burning love—  
With a love that was half divine;  
And seasons vanished, and moons waxed dim,  
And his long hair grew like the stream,  
And he told me of the moonlight grove,  
As we sat 'neath the orange tree;  
That ever and anon through the starry night,  
He was thinking of love and me.

Full often we sat in those grand, green woods,  
In the shade of the chestnut trees;  
Where the birds in the summer-time sweetly  
Sung,  
And the olive-balm scented the breeze;  
And we told our love in those dimpled depths,  
Where the lilies wave on the stream,  
And the fountains revel the moon's light  
In the light of the pale moonbeams.

And can it be that his heart has changed—  
And changed like a wild March day?  
Are the passionate words of his early years  
All vain, like the dreams of a boy?  
No! I know, no! the world may roll,  
And seasons vanish and flow;  
But the greatest and the truest memory  
Is sacred to love and me.

Ah! his spirit must pine in some distant port,  
Or be exiled over the sea;  
For he never would tarry so long, so long,  
If his strong, true heart were free;  
Ah! the sorrow in his eyes, I know,  
Through the living night and day;  
Like a serpent coiled round his heart,  
Now nibbling its bloom away!

Come, I know, come, there is no change,  
Old places are still the same;  
The nightingale sings through the orange grove,  
In the glow of the moon's beam;  
The lovers still meet in the greenwood dell,  
Where the silvery cascade falls—  
Come! I know, come, there is no change,  
Your own love calls!

## A HIDDEN WRONG;

or,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## LITTLE PAT MAKES A MISTAKE.

Marian's courage and spirit offered stronger opposition than he looked for to the ruffian who had attacked her.

He cursed her savagely as despite his restraining grasp he contrived to loosen one of her hands from his hold, and frantically strove with it to free her mouth from the suffocating gag he had thrust into it.

It was a struggle for life itself, and the poor girl threw all her strength into her efforts as she almost writhed out of his hold, and beat and tore to get her breath.

Enraged to find her so powerful, he struck her violently like the brute he was, and the sharp and cruel nature of the blow, aided by her prolonged struggle, deprived her of consciousness for the moment, so that she fell senseless at his feet.

"There, that's easier," he muttered, stooping over her and thrusting his hands into the pockets of her coat, "why couldn't the fool be quiet and have saved trouble, in place of fighting like a wild-cat, and making bother. Where is the cursed trinket! Curse her, if she has made way with it, I'll throttle her. Ah, no, here it is, all right; and so I'm off my pretty wench. I have no time to waste, and even now I must be observed."

He looked cautiously round as he leaned from the lot, but no one was apparently within view, and, reassured by the solitude of the street, he made off with great speed, carrying the locket that Marian had discovered in the pocket of Lucy's coat with him.

He was no sooner out of sight than the boy Pat, who had been hiding behind a low pile of lumber on the other side of the way, issued forth, and, peering around him so less carefully, to find if the villain were really gone, rushed across the street into the lot where he found poor Marian senseless and dizzy trying to rise from the ground with her hands pressed to her forehead.

"By jing," exclaimed the little fellow, using his favorite outlet for excitement, "if it ain't Miss Marian that there lovely wench been fighting and rubbing! What did he take from you, miss? I saw him have something in his hand, and he's mean enough to steal a flip if he wanted it to buy a drink. Oh, I know him, and so does our Moll, and she'll be on his tracks pretty soon, the villain!"

But Marian was too much shocked and shaken to understand or explain anything at first.

She could only gaze in a bewildered way at the eager and sympathetic boy, and put her hand to her head as if to steady its dizzy whirling.

Presently she seemed to have a sudden thought, and under its influence she felt in the pocket where she had put the locket.

"It was that the ruffian wanted, then," she said, "it was not mine, and I did not think it was valuable enough to tempt any one to do such a wicked, cowardly deed. Who could he be, and how did he know I had it?"

"I can't tell how he found out you had any jewelry, miss," Pat answered, "perhaps he followed you, and saw you look at it, but he's wicked enough to do anything in the world. I know him, so does Moll. Come on, miss, you can lean on me all straight now, and you can lean on me if you're weak, while I tell you how I'm going to have that fellow punished for hurting and frightening you. If I was as big as him I'd punch his head off, I would! But Moll is going to fix him. I put her up to it, and keep telling with anger about him. When I go home I'll tell her about this last trick of his, and she'll be ready to skin him for it."

"No, no; please don't make a talk about such things, Pat, dear," entreated Marian, timidly. "I am afraid of these people, and now that my sister is safe at home, I do not want even to see or hear of them again."

"Yes, I know'd she got off," Pat said, grinning. "I was jolly glad of it, and it does me good to hear old Mother Fox a raving about her. But what I came up to-night was to stir you a word of warning. Look out! Old Meg Worthing ain't to be beat, and she's on your sister's track. She's sure that she'll have her back again or die for it, and she'll give you trouble if you ain't mighty sharp."

"O, dear! I trust Lucy will not see her," Marian exclaimed, remembering her sister's disquiet and listlessness, and fearing the effect of any adverse influence that might come between them.

"You needn't be afraid of her winning the young lady back by fair means, she won't try that; she trusts to cunning, and force to kidnap her, for Miss Lucy made such desperate efforts to get away that she knows she couldn't coax her back. She'll steal her, though, if she gets a chance, and she's bound to make one, too. She's

got some new spics on the track, I guess, so you'd better be shy of every one that speaks to you, or looks after you in the street, and remember that I'm on the look-out now, and I won't allow no fooling."

The little fellow drew himself up with such an air that had poor Marian been less alarmed and sorrowful, she must have burst into laughter at the sight; but, besides the hurt she had received from the miscreant's blow, every nerve in her body was shaken with the fright of the encounter she had had, so, thinking Pat for his good will, and begging him not to forget to warn her of any danger he might discover, she parted from him and made what haste she could to reach home.

Pat stood gazing after her, muttering threats against any one who might attempt to molest or alarm her until she was out of sight.

When he turned to proceed on his own way he found himself addressed by a handsome young gentleman of fine appearance, who asked him in a hesitating and somewhat distrustful manner who the young lady was who had just quitted him.

"That there one, do you mean, sir?" asked Pat, immediately becoming suspicious that the "new swell," as he mentally denominated him, was a spy of Meg Worthing's, who had mistaken Marian for her sister Lucy, "why that there young lady's going to be—that is—I mean to say she's a lovely girl what a very rich and influential gent has fallen in love with, and he's going to marry her as soon as he can arrange to have the job done in swell style."

Pat came out with this candid invention in quite a triumphant manner.

"That's the best go I can get up," he thought to himself after uttering it very volubly, "it is bound to scare off old Meg's people, and so I'll blow some more."

"Yes," he continued aloud, seeing that the stranger stood still as if rooted to the spot, "she's engaged to this wealthy gent, and the reason he consents to one such a poor miserable brat as I am for his messenger is, that he don't want no talk or gossip about the family, until he's able to elevate 'em all into his lofty sphere. Oh, he's a stunner, and she's in his big book now, I tell you she is!"

Perceiving with great delight that his narration was producing a visible effect on his listener, who, elating the nearest support to him, seemed to shake as if from a sudden ague, the foolish lad went on to enlarge on his absurd story, mixing fact and fiction so cunningly together, that his words carried conviction with them, and the unhappy gentleman whose innocent heart they pierced, stretched out his hands imploringly and bade him cease.

"Oh, yes, I'll shut up, if that's your move," answered Pat readily, for having reached his last effort at lying he had nothing more to say; "but remember it, you who asked me to tell you, and I wouldn't have had no manners if I hadn't obliged a gentleman, you know."

"True," said his questioner in a broken voice, "I do not blame you, my boy, and the sharp and cruel nature of the blow, aided by her prolonged struggle, deprived her of consciousness for the moment, so that she fell senseless at his feet."

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Marian was not equal to an explanation just then, so she made some kindly answer in a low tone and trying to smooth her disordered dress and hair and down to the street, and remember that I'm on the look-out now, and I won't allow no fooling."

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"You needn't be afraid of her winning the young lady back by fair means, she won't try that; she trusts to cunning, and force to kidnap her, for Miss Lucy made such desperate efforts to get away that she knows she couldn't coax her back. She'll steal her, though, if she gets a chance, and she's bound to make one, too. She's

got some new spics on the track, I guess, so you'd better be shy of every one that speaks to you, or looks after you in the street, and remember that I'm on the look-out now, and I won't allow no fooling."

The little fellow drew himself up with such an air that had poor Marian been less alarmed and sorrowful, she must have burst into laughter at the sight; but, besides the hurt she had received from the miscreant's blow, every nerve in her body was shaken with the fright of the encounter she had had, so, thinking Pat for his good will, and begging him not to forget to warn her of any danger he might discover, she parted from him and made what haste she could to reach home.

Pat stood gazing after her, muttering threats against any one who might attempt to molest or alarm her until she was out of sight.

When he turned to proceed on his own way he found himself addressed by a handsome young gentleman of fine appearance, who asked him in a hesitating and somewhat distrustful manner who the young lady was who had just quitted him.

"That there one, do you mean, sir?" asked Pat, immediately becoming suspicious that the "new swell," as he mentally denominated him, was a spy of Meg Worthing's, who had mistaken Marian for her sister Lucy, "why that there young lady's going to be—that is—I mean to say she's a lovely girl what a very rich and influential gent has fallen in love with, and he's going to marry her as soon as he can arrange to have the job done in swell style."

Pat came out with this candid invention in quite a triumphant manner.

and be a fool if you want to," and she tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders as she turned away.

Marian followed her sister and found her waiting for her near the door of the lower hall. She was silent, and continued so as they walked home together, though Marian tried to talk cheerfully on other subjects, and the anxious girl was forced to suspect that Lucy had heard Mad. Tinsler's unkind remarks, and was brooding over them.

Poor Lucy, patient, loving and charitable as Marian was, she was obliged to confess that her sister's nature had been much changed and perverted by her trouble.

She was suspicious of every one, and if any one looked at her twice, she seemed to feel herself marked and suspected in return. She had but two moods, either the abstraction that deepened into moodiness, or the restless suspicion that was roused by a chance word, and seemed at times to possess her like a torturing spirit.

As she walked by Marian's side, she said in a low tone, "That woman wants to insult me, Marian. I see she does."

"Oh, no, dear, she's only coarse and careless in her own nature, and so grown inconsiderate of others. Do not let it worry her, Lucy."

Marian drew her sister's arm through hers as she spoke, and pressed it fondly to her side, but Lucy pursued the subject steadily.

"Some one has told her something of me," she said, and her white cheeks flushed a painful scarlet. "Some wicked, lying creature tried to injure me," she continued, "but I don't care for myself, it is for you I care, Marian, and her voice broke into a husky sob."

Marian, with a sharp pain at her heart, smiled cheerfully.

"Oh, what a silly fancy, my darling," she said, bravely, "and then altering her tone by a strong effort, she said, 'I'll tell you what makes madame coarse of late, dear; you neglect to bow to her when you go in, and you don't do the trimming as beautifully as you know how. Oh, do it not wish that I could manage to make as pretty a creature as you can be in puffs and frills, would not I excel as a customer's workwoman then?'"

Her assumed lightness silenced, but did not banish her sister's complaints. She had begun to suspect her employer of being her enemy, and the feeling grew daily.

It was a faint thought, and the family were threatened with the added care of another invalid, for Allan's cough was shorter and drier than ever, so that he had received permission to study at home and have a special morning recreation before the regular classes, so as to avoid the effect of night air on his weak lungs.

Mrs. Barton being at the best short-sighted, was urging him forward with the promise of being able "to manage the private lessons somehow," and Marian was divided between home care and business care, when one unlucky day Madam Tinsler's prejudice against her brought about a disastrous denouement.

The sisters were busily making delicate silk dresses for a spectacular drama in which a pattern had to be closely followed, but Lucy's absent-mindedness prevented her from properly attending to this task.

Marian's watchful eye discovered the mistake she was making in sewing the wrong parts of a curiously cut skirt together, and she hastened to remedy it, but Mad. Tinsler was equally quick, and she called out angrily—

"Please excuse me, let that alone, and attend to your own pattern; if your sister is too deeply engaged in thought to give an idea to the work in hand, let her suffer the consequences. You have done quite enough in that direction already."

"Please excuse me," Lucy said quickly, and with a flushing face, "I see where I've made the mistake, and can rip it out."

"Oh, yes, I dare say, and pretty work it will look like when it is ripped out. We don't buy silks to have them butchered and then ripped; we're not fond of wasting material, nor well enough used to making mistakes to enjoy it."

The sister then very forbore for a moment, and then it vanished, leaving her whole face as white as death. The woman's temper was up, her eyes snarled with anger, and she had no pity.

"I think we've had quite enough of this foolishness and nonsense," she said, turning to Marian, "she has at here snipping and blotching the best material, while you, Miss Marian, have made yourself a slave so as to keep her amused."

"Madame Tinsler," cried Marian, aghast, and she caught her sister's arm with a reproving grasp.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the customer, contemptuously, "you expect to awe every one by your airs, and keep us all at a distance, but I happen to know something about that young lady not much to her advantage, and I don't intend to have her here any longer."

Lucy rose tremblingly, she looked the angry woman in the face, and her look was by no means appeasing.

"To be sure!" cried the customer, "she means to confront me and awe me into silence with her theatrical airs, but I'll advise her to go and look after the reputation she lost on her trip to New York. Ha! ha! ha!"

There were half a dozen girls in the next room to the sisters, who hitherto had occupied chairs in Madam Tinsler's own apartment, and these persons heartily echoed the words of their employer's trade.

Marian had sprung forward, as if to place her hands over the woman's lips, but madame moved back, and stood almost between the doors as she uttered her last words.

The sight of the two sisters suddenly seemed to quiet her. Marian had thrown her arm round Lucy, and placed herself before her as if to ward off personal blows.

"Please be silent, madame," she said, calmly and gravely, "until we can leave your house; your words do not in the least offend me, but they are coarse and mean to be cruel; we will not be long escaping from the sound of them. Come, Lucy, dear. You are not so foolish as to cry, I hope, my precious sister. Come, let us be gone."

"I never said a word but praise of you, Miss Marian, and no one can say they ever heard me," said Madam Tinsler, her anger spent and her prudence returning.

"This is the day our work is up, and as you never engaged us beyond from week to week, you need not warn Madam Tinsler," Marian said with business-like calmness.

words; but she shall never be subjected to their repetition. I do not know where you heard such a false and slanderous story as you have hinted at, but whoever says one word against my sister is a cowardly liar, and Heaven will punish all such in its own righteous way."

Her beautiful eyes beamed full of their own strong light as she spoke, and there was no tears or sign of weakness on her fair young face. One doubt of Lucy's influence made her belief in it firm and unshaking, and when she saw her sister's trembling figure and death white face, she felt it was no time for shrinking or tears on her part.

Madame Tinsler felt the influence of the young girl's strong spirit, and almost apologized as she placed their money on the table before the sisters.

"People may speak in haste without meaning much harm," she said.

"I hope your meaning was not as bad as your words," Marian said, "but we can never remain in a place where such things are likely to be said. Come, Lucy, dear."

They descended the stairs together, and saw Mrs. Blanchard's carriage drive past.

"She meant to drive us away from here," Marian said to herself, "where can she mean to pursue us to next?"

But to her sister she said aloud and cheerfully—

"Never mind Lucy, all we've got to do is to try again. Madam Tinsler's temper was not very good, perhaps we'll find a more amiable employer next time."

But Lucy answered with a half-smothered, heart-broken cry as she flung herself on her knees to pray.

"N, no, it will be always the same, there's a mark upon me that they all see, and they will hunt me to the death, they will, they will!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Lucy gave it up. She was so deeply absorbed in her studies, and the ambitious plans resulting from his success in them, that he was not only negligent of the family interests and anxieties but even failed to pay proper attention to his own health.

It was a faint thought, and the family were threatened with the added care of another invalid, for Allan's cough was shorter and drier than ever, so that he had received permission to study at home and have a special morning recreation before the regular classes, so as to avoid the effect of night air on his weak lungs



"When will we meet," said the former half, reluctantly.

"At home in a couple of hours," Lucy answered, hurrying off.

Marian followed her with a troubled look, for the rude woman who had come between them, was none other than Mrs. Worthy in her best clothes, and though Lucy had gone in an opposite direction, the woman's presence seemed like a bad omen.

As Marian went on regretting having parted with Lucy even for an hour, she found herself before a large clock and mantle stone gazing absently into its windows.

A woman of middle age and neat appearance was seated within, and raising a pair of sharp, observant eyes looked at her through the glass closely for a minute or so, and then beckoned her to come in.

"Do you know of any good person in need of employment," this woman inquired when Marian wonderfully obeyed her summons.

"Yes I do, two of them, my sister and myself," Marian answered eagerly. "Alas," said the lady with a searching look, "are you sure you could come at once, and stick to your work well? We want no deceivers nor breaking words with us, for good, honest, truthful girls willing to do their duty we give good pay, but we won't have any other."

With breathless eagerness Marian assured her that she and her sister were exactly suited to her needs, and learned to return that the salary was very much better than she had hitherto received from her employers. After some further directions all delivered in a very sharp and decided manner, and impressed on her mind with some severity, she promised to be at the store with her sister next morning without fail.

The lady repeated her last sentence emphatically, and said: "We'll see, keep your word, and I'll keep mine," and Marian ran home all eagerness to relieve Lucy of further trouble and uneasiness.

She had been there before her, and gone out again, Mrs. Barton said, and after waiting an hour or two without recurring to the subject, Marian became very restless, and again spoke, and Marian ran home all eagerness to relieve Lucy of further trouble and uneasiness.

"What did Lucy say when she left mother?"

"Lucy," repeated Mrs. Barton, "what, isn't she home yet? Why she only gave me your needle book, and said you might need it before she came back, I thought you knew all about where she was going, some errand for Madame Tizier, was it not?"

With a frightened face and wildly beating heart, Marian caught the needle case from her mother's hand, but could not answer.

"Mother!" called Allan faintly from the room above, and Marian was left alone with a scrap of pencil-written paper that fell into her hand as she opened the needle book.

"I can't stay," it said, "I must go and look for peace, that can only come in one form to me. I am a stone tied to my neck, dear, patient sister, and I cannot strive or struggle as nobly as you do. I am weighed down by the sense of my own misery, and every eye that looks at me carries a dart to wound my shrinking soul. I must fly from all, until I gain the right to be fearless. God bless you, my dear, dear Marian, and do not blame me for trying to spare you further misfortune from the pressure of your unhappy but loving mother."

"God!" cried Marian, wildly, "gone! just when Heaven's mercy opened a way for us to begin again. God! when I began to hope, to feel at rest, and this after all the bitter price I've paid to get her back! Oh, Lucy, Lucy!"

She felt her head whirling wildly and her sight fled, all sense of dark and cold, and with the note tightly crumpled in her hand, in a last effort to save her sister's secret, poor Marian Barton's strength and courage gave way at last, and she fell cold and senseless on the floor.

(To be continued in our next, *Continued on p. 7*)

## RED KELLY:

### The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "MENTAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XX.

At sunset, or a little after, in the south-west, appeared a glow something like an Aurora display, but which the borderers can distinguish to be the quivering, leaping flashes of a conflagration. The spectators query whether it is the prairie on fire or the flaming beacon of the marauding invaders. They notice it brighten and diminish, and hold to the one point, and then they call out to each other that it is the free-roaming incendiary.

"Before them goes war and destruction," exclaimed General Allison.

An arrow came, followed by another, and judgment finished the old scout, calmly watching, with restless and feverish glance, the dread signal of border outrage.

"You must have some idea, Champ, of the whereabouts of the fire," said the old scout.

"Within two points of prairie, an' bless yer soul, Lingam, let's prairie counter prairie an' see what we can see. I'll take late that's the smoke of the torment of Bonafant, at'er venter, tant no remove from Rutter's Mills, on her little C."

"I think, Champ," returned Vite, "that we had better ride out, a horse can travel faster if we do not happen to be all the people that are on the plains."

"Granted, they measure ground faster, but it takes a bigger neater set out, in case yer want ter set."

"Well, each have his own way. You may walk, and I will mount, and keep alongside, but we cannot hope to be of service, as the burning is too many miles distant."

"But that's a sentiment in my bones," returned the scout, "that snow, an' snow, on yer flat, somebody would be eggheaded pleased to see the sun, rovin' sinner of Champ. An' Vite, my level, start up yer horse, an' I'll set my lively neigerson to marks an' westerly."

The scout was following out one of those mysterious impressions that lead to oftentimes in such unexplained ways, and bring about such unlooked for and startling results.

Vite, through sympathy with his companion, followed without for a moment forestalling the development. They had advanced out the distance, perhaps, of three miles, when Champ seized his companion by the back of the neck, and brought him to a halt. He had heard the faint echo of a running sound.

"Halt!" said he, in a cautious tone. "I can seem ter see a shadow crossin'

ther moonlight yender. It's mighty on-favorable for skulkin'. That ain't but one, is it?"

"No, only one," returned Vite, making a telescopic of his hand.

"Ho! well, then, we might as well wait, as anyway."

On rushed the hard-riding, and Champ halted.

"Who goes that? Halt!"

The horseman swung around, and dashed straight toward the waiting scouts.

"Champ," blazed God! aspirated the young fellow. "Back here, at Baker's Creek, a party of outlaws have captured Sheriff Hume—or he is surrounded in the old Bradford cabin—he and Duffy, and they can't hold out against the more in another direction, and I was coming in time to turn and escape."

"Yer horse? Yer horse, boy? They'll make short work with their twenty gait ther two. Wait here till we get back, and Champ, an' swing the light fellow on the saddle, and spring up to the vacated seat."

"Vite, do yer best! Griff and Duffy is—God or Heaven, what yer this time? Lay low, Red Kelly, till I bring back yer horse. Away, Vite! away to Baker's Creek!"

"It's Red Kelly's scalps," called out the boy, as he leaped, feeling the spur, struck into a headlong run. "Baker's Creek and five miles away! Hume and Duffy brought to bay by Kelly's incantations!"

How the thought flashed along the nerves of the scouts. They did not pause to question what they might do, or do against such odds, but the call had come for help, and brave hearts responded.

"Travel! travel!" yelled Champ, nearly standing upright in his stirrups, his long, lank body thrown forward upon the shoulders of his horse, as he strained ears and eyes for some signal from the far away scout.

Half the distance passed, and then there sounded the rumble of a party of horsemen in front of them.

"God! is it all over?" aspirated Champ, in a broken voice, as he still thundered onward. "No, hear that wild, fierce, quivering yell—different tones, and quick, ed together and prolonged, and there's something more fearful about it than there would be in the angry roar of the lion. Up and down the swells and rises, Champ's voice answered that Plutonian call. And Vite aspirated, 'The Regulars! thank God, the Regulars!'"

Straight ahead, from two different directions, dashed the scouts, and the Regulars, and they met, as it were, at the small end of the V.

"Come with us," called Champ, now for the first time reconciling himself to sit back upon the saddle. "Come with us to Baker's Creek, they've got Griff and Duffy in erap."

"We're after Red Kelly," returned Joe Emmet. "But close up, men, and follow."

"It's Red Kelly as he's holdin' em," called back the scout, and again that wild, ed yell, known on the border as Joe Emmet's bugle, shot over the plains in a most chilling echo.

Half the distance was the watchword, as Champ reined in front to lead them, and the old hero now threw his whole soul into his pace. He again arose in his stirrups in an attitude, as it seemed, ready to spring over the head of his steed in an instant.

A little time, a few moments, now would decide the matter at the creek. No more words were spoken. The moon shone upon a small squadron of men rushing ahead in impetuous haste, and at last Baker's Creek is before them, and each eye sees an ominous party of men drawn in solid square, but little ways in front of them.

It is the regulars, Kelly at last preparing to meet the force of many warfare, and meet his opponents in open fight? Ah, no, for as the Regulars again emit that inimitable cry, the group suddenly flies into fragments, and expose two huge, pendulum-like figures swinging from a horizontal limb of the gigantic dead oak, and cold, the shriek of a panther Champ dashed up.

"Drive under, drive under, Vite, an' cut down ther body highest yer," and springing upright on the back of his horse, holding hard upon the bridle with his teeth, Champ lifted up the nearest body under his left arm, and striking upward with his long knife he severed the rope of the fraction of an inch above the hanged man's head, while Vite and another fellow did the same for the second victim. Then the gaunt figure of the scout stooped and let slide the limp body upon the turf, with the anguished cry, "Down!"

"Vite, will you keep two or three boys here, an' do what yer ken fur ther poor fellows bodies, fur as God's my helper, this night's work ain't dun."

Joe Emmet had not been idle. By a wave of his hand, plainly seen in the moonlight, he had signalled his right hand to the regulars behind him, and they had begun to move, and now they were all on their feet, and when, for some unaccountable reason, the renegades put spurs in flight, they met a confusing and disastrous cross-fire. The borderers closed up, and the work was hot and heavy, but the scouts, with their hands and feet, one man thinking discretion the better part of valor, endeavored to desert his companions, but had not advanced an hundred yards beyond the horrible noise when he became conscious of pursuit.

The moon dipping westward washed her face of every cloud, and lighted the scene with her cool and silvery splendor.

The animals ridden by the pursued and the pursuer seemed to be well matched in limb and wind, neither apparently gaining upon the other. At the point of the saddle, Champ had noticed the scout, with which no doubt Red Kelly had been practicing. He knew that he could not use it, he knew that he had never practiced throwing the lasso since he rode and scouted in Texas a full score of years before. But the temptation was such that he lifted the coil and began whirling it above his head. The long limbed beast took the cue, and where his gait was tremendous before it was now irresistible. The wind rushed speaking by, and into the horseman's ears, and his sober, closely fitting, much-austered "dangler" life lifted and spun away like a feather.

Champ, inspired by this strange and novel sport, continued to circle his arm above his head until the black stallion had shortened the distance between himself and the object which his brute instinct and training had taught him was to be captured, until the two men were within bullet range. The moonbeams glistened down upon the scout's straggling gray hair, upon his strong, sinewy arms, and the shining barrel of his rifle.

A long, forked, mass of fire burst from the weapon, and if the shot in a measure was fired at random, justice guided it.

The renegade's right arm was shattered between the elbow.

His horse, frightened by the sudden report, and the howl of his rider, shied a little sideways, and took the contents of Champ's other barrel just behind the fore shoulder. He stumbled upon his knees, and threw his master, and Champ's iron foot was on his breast in an instant.

"I hev yer, I hev yer, at last," blazed the hero, throwing himself forth upon the wounded renegade. "No yer needn't fiddle yer left arm, I know yer as good as a shot, or at knifin', with yer left hand as ther most most or people air with ther right, but there is no more for you, Red Kelly, no more for you."

"How in the fiend's name, old crane, do you know that I am Red Kelly?"

"Hain't I heard that guttural voice of yours, just as it growled deep in yer throat a minute ago—when yer was a most ready ter knife ther man yer happened ter hev under yer knee at ther time? And don't I know this powerful left hand that I've just tuk ther precaution ter pinion—yer don't deny it?"

"Always answer up to roll-call, old crane."

"Never again here, arter ter night, Red Kelly."

"What in the fiend, old man, do you think that you are going to do?"

"There certainly was a hollow tone to his voice, just as it growled deep in yer throat a minute ago—when yer was a most ready ter knife ther man yer happened ter hev under yer knee at ther time? And don't I know this powerful left hand that I've just tuk ther precaution ter pinion—yer don't deny it?"

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ing it: "No, no. Just pour it inter mine with ther whisky. An' now gil yer knife atween his jaws—ear ther! That's it, Griff must hev a heap ter live for he thanks me feller for gettin' on him back, when he was ear chunk gone. Howsunder, we'll risk it."

It was broad daylight and hard upon sunrise when (Griff's senses, one after the other, came straggling back to his possession. And it took several persons to explain to him the who's and whereof of his surroundings.

"Hain't I started ther cavalcade home-wards yet, for I wanted yer to see Red Kelly; and yer remember what I tol' yer else ther mark that his left hand would make of 'twas bloody and was put upon ther breast or on man to hold him down."

Griff came struggling to his feet, but instantly fell back.

"Don't hurry," says Champ, "ther's plenty of time, an' I want yer ter understand all about it, an' a half hour more passed, and with occasional doses of Champ's adulterated whisky, young Hume had so far recovered that he could walk with but little aid."

"A minute longer, Griff, an' it would've been a useless rescue."

Hume carried his head low, and with occasional doses of Champ's adulterated whisky, young Hume had so far recovered that he could walk with but little aid."

"It's a dreadful sensation—blue, green and yellow bubbles rising out of nothingness, drifting and bursting before the eyes, and a horrible frying sound in the ears. 'Tis it makes me shudder."

In course, some circulation ain't half restored yet, but look at this hand," turning this member of Red Kelly's dead body over with his toe. "Is it anything like?"

"Heaven be merciful!" responded Griff, falling rather than dropping upon his knees to examine it.

There was the crooked and shriveled finger, bent to the little finger, and bent outward in such a manner as to form a sort of letter X with its outside neighbor, the deformed one projecting for the length of half an inch beyond the outline of the hand.

"This is the form of the mark left upon the fingers of a breed," was Griff's solemn affirmation.

"I know it."

"But how?"

"Don't confuse yerself yet—wait till yer ken put this an' that together."

"I wish Keith were here."

"It don't matter; yer off-day is er ken. Yer'll know more when yer ken think."

"And this is the end of Red Kelly," remarked Hume in a meditative and confused tone.

"Yes," responded the scout, "an' two hours ago we war still quiet in ther cabin, an' yer was untroubled an' well. Well, I've lived fur suthin' if I've seed the last of this border desperado. Ther brunette don't compare with him as he war, for he had a huge top brain—but that he is, ez harmless now ez ther best on us, bless God! an' so long ez we've got ther mortgage on ther cabin, we've got to keep it safe."

On the way back to the settlement Griff's mental equilibrium was so far restored, that he was able to relate that he had been drawn nearly to the very edge of the precipice, besides having turned aside to interview Wakefield, De Lancy's second partner, in hopes of finding some clue there that would lead to the arrest of the murderer.

On his return, accompanied by Duffy, the scout and guide, they fell into an ambush, and running for their lives, at last reached the cabin at Baker's Creek. Their defense proved insufficient: the door was burst in and they were captured, and no quarter was shown them, as we have seen.

CHAPTER XXI.

Just outside, to the southward of the city of T—, are the ruins of an old fortification. It has been left as a sort of landmark to show the stretching forth of civilization upon one time savage ground.

It is a half-circle, and the structure was razed had been purchased, with much that surrounded it, and was held by one of those men who place personal interest far in advance of public good; and therefore he retained a hold upon the valuable tract, awaiting a future greater rise in price, which he was to realize.

No one, however, was to realize it, for the fort was a ruin, and the land was a waste.

Within the stockade one of the barracks buildings, in a good degree of preservation, still remained, and the ruins of the other buildings were in various stages of decay.

Rumors were rife among gossiping servants that the dead and gone soldiers held reunions—their shades coming to celebrate anniversaries of by-gone days in camp, or bivouac. They hunted of glimmering lights, like moonbeams reflected in water, or shadowy forms stalking about the battlements.

Be this as it may, the building yet remaining in a decent degree of preservation, had underneath it a vault, formerly used as a powder-magazine; across being had to its underground chamber from a small entrance of a heavy trap door.

Into these subterranean chambers it is our pleasure—with or without permission—to enter.

We naturally start back astounded to find these gloomy vaults inhabited, not by the faded vampires and bats ascribed to such places, for in the farther apartment we find reclining upon a barbarous rough couch the outline of a human figure, but whether dead, sleeping, or waking, we cannot, at first, determine. An utter, oppressive stillness reigned. One could fancy that he heard the "thro-throb, thro-throb" of a frightened, human heart.

Suddenly, so suddenly as if by magic, please—startle us into an exclamation of dismay, a head is raised from the rough pillow and propped up by a thin, transparent hand. And such a wild, haggard face, such burning eyes, and such a hopeless expression of the lips—it is dreadful to behold.

She seems to listen intently, and the lamp-light shows her face still more ghastly than at first. The appointments of her room are dark and plain. The cleated plank floor is guttles of lock or bolt on the inside, but is now barred with the rough, black table and chair. The least real, or imaginary sound, seems to erase with fear the listening occupant of this underground den. The sudden ticking of insects in the crevices, the sigh of a passing breeze, brings her hands together in an agonized clasp. Bubbles of scarlet flame out into her shaken cheeks, for she is sure that she hears deep and suppressed breathing under the heavy door. Shall she spring to her feet, or remain as she is. Her deadly weakness favors her remaining quiet, and she falls back stiffly and numb upon the couch.

Without, the night lies soft and sweet upon the world. On every hand altars of worship send up from earth to the Creator incense offerings from the flow-

ing it: "No, no. Just pour it inter mine with ther whisky. An' now gil yer knife atween his jaws—ear ther! That's it, Griff must hev a heap ter live for he thanks me feller for gettin' on him back, when he was ear chunk gone. Howsunder, we'll risk it."

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"Heaven be merciful!" responded Griff, falling rather than dropping upon his knees to examine it.

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ing it: "No, no. Just pour it inter mine with ther whisky. An' now gil yer knife atween his jaws—ear ther! That's it, Griff must hev a heap ter live for he thanks me feller for gettin' on him back, when he was ear chunk gone. Howsunder, we'll risk it."

It was broad daylight and hard upon sunrise when (Griff's senses, one after the other, came straggling back to his possession. And it took several persons to explain to him the who's and whereof of his surroundings.

"Hain't I started ther cavalcade home-wards yet, for I wanted yer to see Red Kelly; and yer remember what I tol' yer else ther mark that his left hand would make of 'twas bloody and was put upon ther breast or on man to hold him down."

Griff came struggling to his feet, but instantly fell back.

"Don't hurry," says Champ, "ther's plenty of time, an' I want yer ter understand all about it, an' a half hour more passed, and with occasional doses of Champ's adulterated whisky, young Hume had so far recovered that he could walk with but little aid."

"A minute longer, Griff, an' it would've been a useless rescue."

Hume carried his head low, and with occasional doses of Champ's adulterated whisky, young Hume had so far recovered that he could walk with but little aid."

"It's a dreadful sensation—blue, green and yellow bubbles rising out of nothingness, drifting and bursting before the eyes, and a horrible frying sound in the ears. 'Tis it makes me shudder."

In course, some circulation ain't half restored yet, but look at this hand," turning this member of Red Kelly's dead body over with his toe. "Is it anything like?"

"Heaven be merciful!" responded Griff, falling rather than dropping upon his knees to examine it.

There was the crooked and shriveled finger, bent to the little finger, and bent outward in such a manner as to form a sort of letter X with its outside neighbor, the deformed one projecting for the length of half an inch beyond the outline of the hand.

"This is the form of the mark left upon the fingers of a breed," was Griff's solemn affirmation.

"I know it."

"But how?"

"Don't confuse yerself yet—wait till yer ken put this an' that together."

"I wish Keith were here."

"It don't matter; yer off-day is er ken. Yer'll know more when yer ken think."

"And this is the end of Red Kelly," remarked Hume in a meditative and confused tone.

"Yes," responded the scout, "an' two hours ago we war still quiet in ther cabin, an' yer was untroubled an' well. Well, I've lived fur suthin' if I've seed the last of this border desperado. Ther brunette don't compare with him as he war, for he had a huge top brain—but that he is, ez harmless now ez ther best on us, bless God! an' so long ez we've got ther mortgage on ther cabin, we've got to keep it safe."

On the way back to the settlement Griff's mental equilibrium was so far restored, that he was able to relate that he had been drawn nearly to the very edge of the precipice, besides having turned aside to interview Wakefield, De Lancy's second partner, in hopes of finding some clue there that would lead to the arrest of the murderer.

On his return, accompanied by Duffy, the scout and guide, they fell into an ambush, and running for their lives, at last reached the cabin at Baker's Creek. Their defense proved insufficient: the door was burst in and they were captured, and no quarter was shown them, as we have seen.

CHAPTER XXI.

Just outside, to the southward of the city of T—, are the ruins of an old fortification. It has been left as a sort of landmark to show the stretching forth of civilization upon one time savage ground.

It is a half-circle, and the structure was razed had been purchased, with much that surrounded it, and was held by one of those men who place personal interest far in advance of public good; and therefore he retained a hold upon the valuable tract, awaiting a future greater rise in price, which he was to realize.

No one, however, was to realize it, for the fort was a ruin, and the land was a waste.

Within the stockade one of the barracks buildings, in a good degree of preservation, still remained, and the ruins of the other buildings were in various stages of decay.

Rumors were rife among gossiping servants that the dead and gone soldiers held reunions—their shades coming to celebrate anniversaries of by-gone days in camp, or bivouac. They hunted of glimmering lights, like moonbeams reflected in water, or shadowy forms stalking about the battlements.

Be this as it may, the building yet remaining in a decent degree of preservation, had underneath it a vault, formerly used as a powder-magazine; across being had to its underground chamber from a small entrance of a heavy trap door.

Into these subterranean chambers it is our pleasure—with or without permission—to enter.

We naturally start back astounded to find these gloomy vaults inhabited, not by the faded vampires and bats ascribed to such places, for in the farther apartment we find reclining upon a barbarous rough couch the outline of a human figure, but whether dead, sleeping, or waking, we cannot, at first, determine. An utter, oppressive stillness reigned. One could fancy that he heard the "thro-throb, thro-throb" of a frightened, human heart.

Suddenly, so suddenly as if by magic, please—startle us into an exclamation of dismay, a head is raised from the rough pillow and propped up by a thin, transparent hand. And such a wild, haggard face, such burning eyes, and such a hopeless expression of the lips—it is dreadful to behold.

She seems to listen intently, and the lamp-light shows her face still more ghastly than at first. The appointments of her room are dark and plain. The cleated plank floor is guttles of lock or bolt on the inside, but is now barred with the rough, black table and chair. The least real, or imaginary sound, seems to erase with fear the listening occupant of this underground den. The sudden ticking of insects in the crevices, the sigh of a passing breeze, brings her hands together in an agonized clasp. Bubbles of scarlet flame out into her shaken cheeks, for she is sure that she hears deep and suppressed breathing under the heavy door. Shall



turned east, happy to carry home his scalp unscathed.

Vine, the Indian Tamer, with his handsome and heroic wife, occupy a station on the outermost fringes of civilization; and Champ's "skin, rovin' finger" still looms on the plains on the trail of the free riders, or stunts wide and thin upon the hills when the twilight shows the savage beacon-fire signalling across the flats.

Griff, casting aside the spell of Miss Poisson's fascinations, bravely yielded the ground to Colonel Dwyer, and the gallant soldier was only too happy in giving her boy a name. His mansion was once more jubilant with rich, childish laughter; and she, thankful that his heart lies deep, down an unreadable depth in her own bosom, thinks of her beautiful boy, and her lovely face is glorious in its beauty, and people persist in envying the colonel and "sweet Isabel."

Keith had said at the time of Dwyer's marriage, giving Griff a little ecstatic hug about the shoulders:

"My Jove! I'm glad it's over so. I expected it would be you, and I can't root out my prejudice."

Griff absently dropped his fingers upon the table, perhaps thinking to drum "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or else to beat the time of

"Two over thus from childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

And Chief-of-Police, Ambrose Keith, soliloquized:

"Why, bless Heaven, the lad is heart-whole, after all."

What a little way the best of us can dive beneath the surface. It is well.

THE END.

## THE WHITE LADY; OR, The Brierton Mystery.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

Major Chester had spoken of some books he wished Madeleine to read, and she had forgotten the circumstance, until, as she was strolling in the garden in the cool twilight, she heard a step on the gravel walk, and looking up, saw his tall figure standing partly between her and the sky.

Madeleine felt herself blush vividly, she could not tell why, as she advanced to meet him.

"You are alone?" he said, and the infection of his voice showed that he was not exactly displeased at the circumstance.

"Papa is gone to town."

"Indeed? So suddenly? When did he leave?"

"About an hour after you went away this afternoon."

"He had urgent business, I suppose?"

It never struck Madeleine that he was questioning her rather more closely than the occasion required, as she answered, simply, "No; it was not business. It was just a fancy of papa's, at the moment, to treat himself to a little change, and I could not persuade him to wait until to-morrow."

"I wonder he didn't take you with him."

"I wonder, too. But dare say he had some good reason for not doing so."

"I dare say he had," replied Major Chester, in a tone of grave significance, quite thrown away on his inattentive companion.

"There never was any one half so wise as papa," his daughter said, enthusiastically; "and it is such a comfort. I have only to do as he tells me, to feel sure that I am doing right."

Major Chester felt like a traitor, as he listened to these praises, and hastened to turn the subject by asking Madeleine if she had forgiven him yet.

"Was I so very severe, then?" Madeleine asked, with a charming blush and smile.

"So severe, that I had made up my mind that you would reject my little peace-offering rancorously."

"I wonder you had the courage to bring it then."

"Yes, I wonder I had; but nothing venture, nothing have. It was worth while running any risk to obtain a word of pardon from your lips."

"You are treading on forbidden ground."

"Unconsciously, then, I do assure you I see that I must speak by the card when I am with you."

In spite of himself, his voice was soft, almost tender. The worst thing he could do was to fall in love with her, and yet, when he stopped to think, he knew that he was drifting fast that way.

To a world-tried man like Major Chester the charm of her perfect simplicity and truth was irresistible; and he had a passionate yearning, as she stood there, to gather the slight little figure into his strong arms, and set the seal of his kiss on her sweet, red lips.

Her color kept coming and going so very prettily, flooding her soft, sensitive face one moment, to leave it quite pale the next; and her eyes, pencilled all round by the strong black lashes, looked like stars.

But he must not love her. How could he perform the task he had set himself if he surrendered to Madeleine? He must keep his eyes off her beauty, and divert his mind from dwelling on her perfections, or throw down the arms at his friend's feet, and swear that the old Squire was a saint.

And he was not so much in love as all this, at present. Only the position was a dangerous one, he felt; and the sooner he took himself off, the better, if he was to keep to his good resolutions. Now that he had feared to be weak.

Suddenly assuming a more formal tone, he handed Madeleine the book he good-evening, almost abruptly walked away.

"I must have offended him," Madeleine thought; "I never saw him like this before. I am sorry, too, because he is so kind; but I suppose it can't be helped."

She did not care to confess, even to herself, how much she regretted the change.

Major Chester strode back to his friend, surprised him by showing almost before he could get into the room.

"Upon my word, Paul, you will have a good deal to answer for: You scared Mr. de Lacy so thoroughly with your ghost-stories, that he has been obliged to leave immediately for change of air."

"You are joking, surely."

"Upon my word, I am not. And what is more, I am off, too."

"It seems as if I had scared you as well."

But Major Chester had no time to answer, evidently. He ran up-stairs three steps together, and Captain Vane could hear him overhead, pulling open drawers, and he came down again, with a knapsack swung across his shoulders, and put his head inside the door. "God bless you, old

follow; I'm off to Dixiland," he said, and was gone.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### TOO LATE.

When we consider how a mere word, carelessly spoken, or an accident too trivial to be noticed at the time, may alter our destiny, and even affect our lives, it seems wonderful that the great tide should roll even so smoothly as it does.

Farmers de Lacy had a confidential servant, called Jack, a sturdy countryman, whose only fault was that he loved a glass of beer.

This was a very venial error, you will say, and whilst rich men drink their wine, why shouldn't a poor man enjoy his beer? But then this little failing of Jack's robbed an old father of his darling, a child of his mother, and the world of a fair young presence.

On such small causes will great issues hang.

The old farmer sat up late on the evening of Wild Will's visit, writing to Polly. He begged her to come home, or, failing this, to make it possible for her own family to go to her without incurring the risk of encountering her husband, even by chance.

The old man tried to take a temperate tone, and yet his letter would have wrung poor Dolly's heart ruthlessly if she had ever been destined to see it.

When he had finished, with many a loving message, and prayer for their speedy reunion, he shut the letter away in his desk until the afternoon of the next day.

Then he sent for Jack.

"Now, look here," he said, showing him the letter; "I would like this letter to go to the old man, and the world of a fair young presence."

"If you trust it to me, sir," Jack replied, with a consequential air, "it's sure to be all right. I can answer for the lads; but I can answer for myself."

"That is just why I want you to go to the post."

Jack looked gratified at the selection, and faithfully promised his master that he should have no reason to regret his choice.

"You may go and ask for a glass of ale before you start."

"Thank you, sir," answered Jack, pleasantly; and putting the letter in the pocket of his trousers, he made his bow, and walked out.

The farmer's ale was good old October ale, warm and strong; and the cook being an old friend of Jack's, took care that he had two glasses instead of one.

The consequence was that when he found himself in the lanes presently, with the hot sun pouring down on his devoted head, he began to feel very drowsy indeed.

"There couldn't be any harm in taking a short nap," Jack said, within himself. "It wants three hours of post-time, and I'm sure not to sleep more than twenty minutes."

So Jack lay down in the hedge, tilted his hat over his eyes to keep out the sun, and was soon slumbering peacefully.

The sun had gone down behind the hill when he awoke; and on consulting his watch, he found that it was exactly six o'clock.

"Then the post has been gone this half-hour," he said, ruefully, within himself. "What will the master say?"

He turned on his heel, and slowly retraced his steps to the farm, wondering what excuse he should make for his negligence when Farmer de Lacy began to question him.

Then a demon crept into Jack's heart, warning him to conceal his error from the stern master, whom he feared as much as he loved.

"It can't signify about one day," he thought; "and it's no use having a fuss about nothing. I'll let the master think it is gone, and put it in the post to-morrow."

So that when Mr. de Lacy came out to make his usual rounds, and seeing Jack, asked if the letter had been posted, the man replied, "All right, sir, and congratulated himself upon not having told a direct lie."

For it was all right, he argued, since it had not been lost, and would certainly go to-morrow.

"But man proposes, and God disposes." It looked as if Fate were against him; for though he tried hard all day to get off to the post, every obstacle was put in his way.

At last, the stable clock struck six, and it was quite a relief to know that his struggles were ended for that day.

The next it was no better. Farmer de Lacy, consumed by his feverish anxiety and unrest, was extraordinarily active, and Jack could not have found the occasion he sought unless he were prepared to confess the truth. So the letter lay in his pocket, burning it, as it were, until he got home at night. Then he remembered that the fact of Dolly's having received it so late would be known, and criminate him in his master's eyes much more than if it never went at all, as its loss might then be attributed to the carelessness of the post-office officials; and so, watching that no one saw, Jack consigned it to the flames.

Farmers de Lacy grew intolerably anxious and painfully irritable as the days went by, and Dolly made no sign.

"I suppose I offended her speaking about her husband," was his first thought; "but in any case, she might have sent me a line, unless she is ill."

This suggestion quite overcame him.

"If she should be ill, in a foreign land, with only that worthless scoundrel beside her, it would break my heart."

But when the sixth morning came, bringing no letter still, the old man could no longer endure the disappointment and suspense.

"Pack up a few things, Emilia," he said to his second daughter, "and we'll go to Dolly. Carrie can keep house while we are gone."

Perhaps he meant to punish Carrie for her jealousy, by leaving her out; or understood that Dolly, in her trouble, would prefer to confide in the sister who had been most gentle to her in happier days. However this may be, he never accounted for the selection, and seemed to look upon it as the natural thing for Emilia to accompany him.

We may be sure that Jack felt very badly, when, as he took the reins from his master's hand at the station, the old man said, in a husky voice—

"There has never been any answer to the letter you posted, Jack, but I hope we shall soon bring Miss Dolly home."

Now that he could speak of her, it was "Miss Dolly," it was her name, and his tongue to call her by any other name.

Jack looked after the farmer, and a confession trembled on the tip of his tongue. But whilst he was trying to brace his courage to face the storm that must necessarily ensue, the bell rang, the train came hissing into the station, and the old farmer and his daughter were hustled out of sight.

And so Jack drove soberly home, resolving that, whatever the consequences, he would, for the future, always tell the truth.

Things went smoothly enough for the two travellers as long as they were on English ground. But when they reached the other side of the Channel, it was quite a different thing.

The old farmer, who had never been abroad before in all his life, seemed to think that if people did not understand the language, they ought to understand him; and, in his misery and impatience, became furious at what he termed the stupidity of those about him.

They managed to reach Paris, however; and, called Jack, a sturdy countryman, whose only fault was that he loved a glass of beer.

At the hotel, which a fellow-traveller recommended, there was a waiter who "spoke English," and certainly did murder it most cruelly.

But, with the help of Emilia's boarding-school French, they at last succeeded in making him comprehend that they wanted a carriage early the next morning to take them to Dixiland, and, after this, the worst of their difficulties were over.

"I shall be glad enough when we get back home," the old farmer said, wearily, to his daughter, before he tried to snatch a little sleep; "this is a confounded country for any Christian to come to. Why, they don't even understand the Queen's English!"

Emilia reasonably suggested that this was not so very wonderful, considering that they were all French; but her father would not admit the excuse.

"They ought to learn our language first," he said. "Just see what fools they look, stammering and hesitating as if they didn't know how to talk! Poor Dolly must have had a hard time of it amongst all these heathen folk!"

"Well, don't they worship images, then?" the old farmer was not in a fit state to be argued with, and so Emilia held her peace. But he had one cause to thank French stupidity, at any rate; he slept peacefully in consequence, if his rest was short.

The morning would bring him such sorrow as it had never entered into his heart to conceive, and those hours of suspense were, in comparison, of almost heavenly calm.

"I think Dolly will guess we are coming, don't you?" he kept saying to his daughter, as they drove out of Paris, and past fruitful vineyards, reddening in the morning sun.

"She must be sure we would not let her suffer alone. I hope that fellow won't have returned; but there is no fear of that! He'll beg, borrow, or steal a little money, and then he'll have to stop and gamble it away before he thinks about his wife. Poor little Dolly! It was all her innocence and love, of course; but she did a very terrible thing."

"Perhaps she likes him still," Emilia ventured to say from her woman's nobler heart.

"Not she!" he answered, confidently. "With all her simplicity, Dolly doesn't want for sense."

They had taken the precaution of writing down the address on a slip of paper for the driver to consult, and presently he stopped in front of a very poor little place, where the old man could have wept with sorrow and passion to think that Dolly lived.

But Dolly was not there.

The woman of the house came out to see what they wanted, in a dingy dressing-gown; and when Emilia asked for Madame de Lacy, so softly that her father might not hear the obvious prefix, she shook her head, and went into a long voluble explanation they could not understand.

Seeing this, she pointed up-stairs, and then left them to their fate.

The old farmer went first, and, as there was only one door visible, he opened that, and stalked into the little bare chamber and gazed around.

"Dolly, my dear," he said, under his breath, "have you no welcome for your poor old father?"

The bed was in a kind of alcove, curtained off from the rest of the room, and by it an elderly woman was seated, rocking a young infant in her careful arms. Otherwise everything was so strangely cold and silent, so mysteriously calm, that the old man's voice sank involuntarily to a whisper as he repeated, "Dolly, my dear?"

No answer.

It was not like her to deny him even a word, and he began to tremble, without knowing why.

"What do you want?" the woman asked, rising as she spoke, and coming toward them.

"I want my child."

She understood it all then, and her fine old face grew whiter still as she pointed sternly toward the bed.

"She is asleep," he said.

"Yes; she is asleep," Manon replied, touching the child reverently with her tender hand. "So the letter lay in his pocket, burning it, as it were, until he got home at night. Then he remembered that the fact of Dolly's having received it so late would be known, and criminate him in his master's eyes much more than if it never went at all, as its loss might then be attributed to the carelessness of the post-office officials; and so, watching that no one saw, Jack consigned it to the flames."

"I am come to take her home," he persisted, in a stifled voice. "It has been hard for her here all alone."

"No," sighed Manon; "God has taken her home. Look for yourself; she is quite happy now."

"She is dead," he said.

"It was a cry, wild, bitter, despairing—like the cry of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not."

What mattered it to him that he had two other daughters?—Dolly was dead.

He fell down beside the bed, groaning in his anguish, his dim eyes fixed on the calm, beautiful face of his dead child; and at this moment, when his reason was tottering and horror overwhelmed his soul, the little one in old Manon's arms gave a feeble cry.

He looked up then.

"Is that hers?" he said.

Manon bowed his head.

"Give it to me."

Manon hesitated for a moment, hardly knowing if he was fit to have such a frail little life in his power; but he stooped down and lifted it gently out of her arms, and then turned her off with a fierce gesture.

How dare you keep what is mine? This was Dolly's last gift to me, and I'll make good my claim against the whole world.

And he rocked it to and fro on his hearing breast. The motion seemed to soothe the little one, and she fell asleep, with her cheek nestling as softly against his coat as if she understood the worth of the shelter she had gained.

Old Manon looked on through very tearful eyes.

When Emilia ventured to draw near presently, her father, who seemed to have forgotten her very existence until now, looked up, and said, harshly, "Don't cry, you poor creature—this is no time for tears! You see her work; now do you?"

"What is mine?"

He moved impatiently.

"We are going to take Dolly home."

"Yes, father, see to it."

Emilia began to realize at last what was expected of her, and motioned old Manon to follow her out.

It was very pitiful, very pathetic, to hear the old man strike up a nursery song presently in his quivering voice, as if he thought he was singing to the Dolly who was dead, rather than to the unconscious infant on his lap.

Manon was able and energetic, and a word was sufficient explanation of the service required at her hands.

"Get your father out of the room presently, and I will manage everything," she observed.

And then Emilia went back to her difficult task.

But it struck her to say, "The sun is shining so bright, little Dolly ought to go to a walk."

"To be sure," he said; "it will make her sleep, won't it? Come along."

When the parents met the old man walking bare-headed, and singing discordantly to the little one he carried so tenderly, they believed him to be mad; but instead of mocking and jeering him, they murmured, in passing, "Heaven pity you, my friend!" and courteously made room on the path.

When the proper time had gone by, Emilia said—

"Now, papa, I think little Dolly ought to go in. She will be quite hungry after her walk."

"Thank you for reminding me," he said. "We will go home."

He did not seem to miss the other Dolly when they reached the house. His whole thought and care were absorbed by the child, and Emilia could manage him easily enough.

In France, where people are buried so much sooner than they are with us, a coffin is quickly prepared, and poor Dolly was shut away in the darkness by this time, with only the lilacs for company.

"Don't leave me yet," Emilia said, leaning on old Manon's strength, weakly; "I don't know what I shall do alone. If you would only come to England with me, you might return soon, and I should be so grateful. Finish the good work you have begun, kind Manon."

And because Emilia's voice, in its softened tone, was like poor little Dolly's, to whom Manon had clung strangely, the woman was melted.

"Let me go to my house first," she said; "and if it is possible to comply, I will not deny you."

It was odd that Manon, who professed to have no companion and no ties, must always go home before she could trust herself to any decision; but in less than half an hour she returned, in a clean apron, with a shawl over her arm, and proclaimed herself ready.

"Only that you and your father must take some food first or you will be ill," she solemnly insisted. "You must not make any changes too soon, my dear. Meanwhile, I will go and pay the cab-horse, and then I will go to the hotel, and give him a piece of my mind. Your poor sister told me everything, my dear; and if ever there was a miserable coward, it is that man. But it is no use talking about it; and Manon brushed a tear out of her black eyes. "Can I trust you to see about everything whilst I am gone?"

"I will do whatever you tell me," Emilia said, only too thankful to have her on any terms; and when the old man was told that he must eat for little Dolly's sake, it never occurred to him to object.

Their homeward progress was rather slow, and there were often difficulties because of the poor dead girl; but old Manon, active and capable, kept all those out of sight, and scolded and coaxed, commanded and pleaded, all in a breath; and, thanks to her fine generosity, they were reached on the evening of the second day, and safely and slowly they bore poor Dolly home through the darkening lanes. May be all her poor lilies were faded by this time, but their sweetness lingered about her still, and perhaps they were a comfort even yet to the darkness that lay on the world would ever lighten again.

Poor Dolly's lips were sealed now, even against their kisses, and they might not even have the comfort of seeing her once more.

The coffin was carried up-stairs, and placed on her own bed, and then old Manon, waiting for no thanks, kissed the babe, as it lay in its grandfather's arms, and, unbending all Emilia's prayers and remonstrances, went her way.

I promised I would help bring my poor pretty home," she said; "and now my duty is done, and I must go."

Nothing moved her, and even whilst Emilia was still praying her to stay, she broke from the clinging arms, and was gone.

And how faded it with Jack, who believed that this was his work?

For he never dreamt but that the old farmer would turn him ignominiously away, though he had worked for him over thirty years.

He stole into the kitchen, where his haggard face and wild eyes frightened the maids almost to death, and said, harshly, "I want my master."

"None!" one of them answered. "You are sure he won't see any one to-night; and I, for one, wouldn't ask him."

"Very well, then," Jack said; "just stand aside and let me pass, will you? I've got my duty to do, and it will be all the worse for you if you meddle, that's all."

"You'll just have the goodness to say that I didn't send you," she called after him.

"I'll just have the goodness to say what I've got to say," he answered, sternly, and strode on.

When he reached the parlor, he could hear his master's voice, in a deep, monotonous chant, and pushing open the door, he went in.

The old farmer was absorbed in tracing the features of that other Dolly, sleeping so calmly up-stairs, in the infant on his lap; and the firelight flickering across his rugged face, gave it such a harsh, troubled expression, that Jack's voice sank to a mere thread of sound, as he said, humbly, "Master."

"Is that you, Jack?"

"Yes, master."

"Come here, then. You remember Miss Dolly when she was a babe—was she like this one?"

Jack could not have answered the question to save his life. Sinking on his knees, he cried out, with a stifled groan, "Don't, master! It was me who killed her!" And then, with wild haste, he told his tale in a passion of broken words.

The old farmer listened in silence, and his features worked convulsively, and he clenched his fist, and a savage glare came into his eyes.

Then, suddenly, all the fierceness died out of him, and he put his heavy hand on Jack's shoulder, saying, more gently than Jack had ever heard him speak in all the thirty years they had been together, "You didn't mean to hurt poor Dolly; for many a time I have seen you carry her round the yard on your shoulder, and give her rides on one of the horses, and yours were the first names she learned to lip. But the fellow who raised her meaningly is the one I will never forgive, and if you see him skulking near this house, Jack, you loved Dolly, and you'll know what to do."

"Don't," said the countryman, under his breath.

"Ay!" rejoined the old man, and, in another second, he seemed to have forgotten Jack's very presence, and so the other crept out as noiselessly as he could.

Jack was very civil to him now, arguing that he must indeed be a favorite if he were allowed to the master's presence at such a time; and, to be really, to draw him some ale, if only a glass, just to



Pensive, white a haired eye,  
 Child-like looks, white curls of blue  
 Gray's the color I adore;  
 My love, gray eyes have gone.  
 The cheek that blossoms blue,  
 Is brown and withered now.  
 That cheek is blonder, my love,  
 As English lilies are;  
 The lips that used to kiss  
 Beneath the blossoms blue,  
 Those lips are fresher, my love,  
 As flowers are in May.  
 The heart I call my own  
 Is not so true and true,  
 For dark gray eyes are true,  
 They live through word or woe.  
 Those lips, that heart I find true  
 As earth and sky and sea;  
 Those lips have pledged their faith,  
 That heart will ever be true.

## BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"I should think so!" I answered, indignantly. "And Margaret, poor, poor Margaret. How will she bear this? How will she meet him? Will she recognize him, now, after all these years of darkness? Will it be ill or well for her to see him now?"

Margaret, now impatient for the first time. "There was a rainy day like this—oh, what is it?" and she put her hands to her head in pain.

"Narah:" powerless from the struggle which  
"Hah; why do you take the injured robbed his sinews of their strength

he is walking in sunshine: that I have gained this point in life, I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

[Several letters are held over to be answered in  
C. A. next.]

## BY GEO. KLINGE.

mental toil and struggling to gain; but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine: that I have gained this point in life, I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

## BY GLEN CAROL

down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine: that I have gained this point in life, I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

## BY JACK RATLIN

Sarah. "You will never see him again, until they carry his body up the beach to a grave on the hill yonder."  
"Sarah!"  
"Hah; why do you take the injured

The following extract from a Scotch poet's letter to his mother, Mrs. Nicoli, embodies the true philosophy of life. In alluding to a few pounds loaned by a friend to begin

There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain; but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine: that I have gained this point in life, I will not say, but

I feel myself daily nearer it.